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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 519
EDITORIALS:
Sinclair, La Follette, and Cutting 522
The President and the Bankers 523
Will Dr. Butler Act? 523
The Pie in Art 524
ISSUES AND MEN. THE PEACE CAUSE MOVES ON. By Oswald Garrison Villard 525
CARTOON: CAPITALIST HEAVEN. By LOW 526
THE JAPANESE TRADE "MENACE." By T. A. Bisson . . . 527
LAST LOOK AT THE CAMPAIGN. By Raymond Gram Swing . . 529
FASCISM AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. By a Special Investigator 530
TAXATION IN THE NEW SOCIAL STATE. IV. STATE FINANCE. By M. Slade Kendrick 532
CONFLICT NOT IN THE HEADLINES. By Avis D. Carlson . . 534
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 535
CORRESPONDENCE 536
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:
Scab City. II. Making Jersey City Safe. By Alfred H. Hirsch . 538
Kohler Wins. By Hans Christian 540
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 540
BOOKS AND DRAMA:
It's Fun to Be Immortal. By Joseph Wood Krutch 541
Mr. Saroyan's Performance. By Louis Kronenberger 541
Mr. Frank's Seriousness. By Lionel Abel 542
Van Gogh as Hero. By Robert Morse 543
Apotheosis of a Heroine. By Roberts Tapley 543
Catholic Family Portrait. By R. S. Alexander 544
Shorter Notices 545
Drama: Mr. O'Casey's Charade. By Joseph Wood Krutch . . 546

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ALTHOUGH THE JAPANESE DEMAND for complete equality is likely to be somewhat modified under pressure, it is idle to deny that a great gulf exists between the positions taken by the Japanese and American governments with regard to naval limitation. Tokio's demands would give Japan not only full parity but actual superiority in Far Eastern waters. The Japanese propose that ships designed for offensive purposes, including vessels with guns of more than 6.1-inch caliber, be drastically limited and that each country be allowed an equal number. For all other vessels, designated as defensive—small cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—the total tonnage allotted to each country is to be identical, but each government is to be free to distribute this tonnage as it sees fit. While pressing for theoretical equality with respect to these latter vessels, the Japanese have hinted that they might refrain from building up to treaty limit except as an "emergency" measure. The United States, on the other hand, has always maintained that even the 5-5-3 ratio of the Washington treaty gave Japan definite superiority in the Far East, and that further concessions were out of the question. It has indicated its willingness to abandon use of the term "ratio," but only on condition the Japanese agree to preserve the status quo with regard to "relative security." Faced by the danger of a complete collapse of naval limitation, the British have desperately sought some basis for compromise. Although they are naturally opposed to any substantial increase in Japanese armaments, their opposition is by no means as irreconcilable as that of the United States. But as yet they have been unable to find a tenable middle ground.

THE OUTCOME of the naval discussions is inevitably linked with the larger question of Japanese ambitions in China. Although Tokio has been successful in preventing a formal discussion of allied political issues in conjunction with the naval talks, it has been unable to prevent Great Britain and the United States from pressing their protests against the projected Manchoukuo oil monopoly. As it has been outlined, there can be little question that the monopoly is a direct violation of the open door which Japan has promised to preserve in Manchuria. Under its terms the British and American oil companies will not only be compelled to surrender a substantial share of their business to Japanese competitors, but will also be required to maintain a six months' supply of oil on hand, which may at any time be taken over by the government at its own price. Tokio has attempted to dodge the question on the ground that Manchoukuo was an "independent" nation, and if the Powers regarded it as a part of China they should address their protests to Nanking. But the Japanese know perfectly well that they cannot evade the issue by subterfuge. The present naval ratios are conditioned on the maintenance of the open door and the territorial integrity of China. Should Japan persist in denying these, it is obvious that the other nations would not dare grant an upward revision of the ratios. Moreover, there is little that Japan can do against concerted pressure by the two Anglo-Saxon Powers. If it comes to an actual showdown, Japan is obviously in no position, economically or politically, to allow itself to become involved in an unrestricted race in naval construction. That fact and that fact alone may ultimately bring the Japanese government to its senses.

CHIEF JUSTICE ALFRED A. WHEAT of the District of Columbia Supreme Court has found the Railway Pension Act unconstitutional on the ground that it is confiscatory in some of its phases and that it illegally assumes the right of Congress to legislate in respect to employees not directly connected with interstate commerce. This decision probably represents nothing more than a temporary setback to the progress of economic-security legislation. The United States Supreme Court is hardly likely to follow Judge Wheat in drawing metaphysical distinctions between carriers which are and their employees who are not engaged in interstate commerce. And even if his refinement of the concept of interstate commerce should prevail, Congress could so redraft the act as to accommodate it to the refined concept. The interstate-commerce argument is based on Supreme

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Court cases decided under the federal Employers' Liability Act, in which the court has uniformly held that carriers were not liable unless the worker "was engaged in interstate transportation, or in work so closely related to such transportation as to be practically a part of it." But the liability law applies only to transportation, and the Supreme Court in deciding cases has been careful to draw a distinction between transportation and "commerce—of which transportation is but a part." As for Judge Wheat's argument that mechanical and clerical employees are not engaged in interstate commerce, the fact is that from the Debs case in 1895 to the Bedford Cut Stone case in 1927 the federal courts have continually issued injunctions in labor disputes on the ground that certain trade-union activities—whether in the field of transportation, manufacturing, mining, building, or quarrying—interfered with interstate commerce to the extent of constituting conspiracies in restraint of trade. Not until the Anti-Injunction Act of 1932 did the federal courts desist from applying the anti-trust laws against organized labor. Our law, apparently, is governed by its own peculiar logic. If it is a question of enjoining a union, then the worker participates in interstate commerce even though he is not engaged in transportation. If it is a question of granting old-age pensions, then the worker must be engaged in transportation in order to participate in interstate commerce.

NOW THAT FIVE WEEKS have been devoted to testimony taking, and the case is on the verge of completion in the federal court at Wilmington, Delaware, the circumstances which led to the Weirton Steel Company's labor troubles seem fairly well established. It is true that four prominent industrialists have taken the witness stand for the company—to tell the world how beneficial company unions can be—but their evidence is more than balanced by the scores of workers who gave weight to charges against the steel mill of coercion, intimidation, and violence. It would have been interesting if the court, instead of hearing Eugene Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Company, Walter C. Teagle of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Charles R. Hook of the American Rolling Mills Company, and William W. Holloway of the Wheeling Steel Corporation on the subject of independent versus company unionism, had been privileged to hear workers of these companies tell their side of the story. Deprived of this, the court listened to tales of threats, lost jobs, and company-police violence. It heard the story of a plant manager who was prevented from carrying on negotiations with the steel union because he was kidnapped by members of the company union, who "meant business," as they told him. Fighting fire with fire, apparently, the Weirton Company tried to show that it was the steel union, and not the employers, which was actually guilty of coercion, because the union pointed out to the workers that they were legally entitled to carry on collective bargaining. Although the Weirton case has largely disappeared from the front page of your favorite newspaper it is still of importance to labor, and the court's decision in regard to it vill be awaited with great interest by both sides.

THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA has brought about the release of George Issoski, one of the humbler citizens of his State, a steel worker of Aliquippa, who was arrested on September 11 for handing out union literature and sent secretly to the State Hospital for the Insane. The commitment was made by a lunacy commission appointed by the sheriff of Beaver County, which is controlled by the Jones and Laughlin Company. The terror against collective bargaining reached such a high point in Aliquippa that the State Department of Labor sent six investigators to the scene. It was one of these who, asking for information at a street corner, heard the warning remark, "You know what happened to George." But let Governor Pinchot himself tell "what happened to George" after his arrest:

> Issoski's wife when questioned declared that her husband's disappearance was connected with his union activities. She said that he had been arrested on September 11, and that several days later she had been sent for by Dr. Cornelius to come and see him at the Beaver County jail. There she was, she said, asked to sign a paper declaring that her husband was insane. She added that she was threatened with the cutting off of her relief unless she did so. When she was courageous enough to refuse, the right to see her husband was denied her. From that time until her husband was found [in the insane asylum] she had no idea of his whereabouts. So far as the record shows, the lunacy commission which examined Issoski took no testimony and examined no witnesses. Dr. Bond, of the University of Pennsylvania, consented to make a special investigation. His report indicated that Issoski was perfectly sane. The institution confirmed this diagnosis.

The steel industry boasts that 90 per cent of its workers prefer the company union. "What happened to George" is only one of the more sensational methods by which "preference" is induced. Yet even in the face of such terror 3,600 of the 5,000 employees of Jones and Laughlin have joined the independent union.

THE FUNDAMENTAL INSTABILITY of our so-called recovery program is portrayed in the recently published estimates of the United States' balance of payments for the first half of 1934. During the six-month period there was a surplus of exports amounting to $173,000,000 and a net inflow of capital, long- and short-term, of $560,000,000, which was balanced by a receipt of $920,000,000 in gold. Stripped of all technicalities, this means that by cheapening the dollar we have augmented our disgracefully large gold reserve at the expense of other countries, and at the expense of the normal economic adjustments which alone can bring world recovery. With nearly half of the world's gold already in our possession, together with a disproportionately large share of the stocks of silver, it is sheer hypocrisy to say, as the President did in his recent speech to the bankers, that there is "a growing appreciation in other nations of the desirability of arriving . . . at a point of steadiness of prices and values." Our constant assault on the world's monetary reserves inevitably acts as a deflationary influence on world prices and forces weaker nations to adopt more extreme measures of economic nationalism. Our action would not be so unjustified if there were any real reason for accumulating this vast store of gold and silver. The only possible value of these reserves is as a medium of exchange for the purchase of goods and services. Yet while an increase of imports, through a substantial reduction of tariffs, is the one obvious escape from our difficulties, it is the one step that the Administration refuses to adopt, even as an experiment.

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THE lynching of Claude Neal in the neighborhood of Marianna, Florida, on October 26, after he had been taken from jail in Brewton, Alabama, was well attended by men, women, and children in arms, not to mention an orator who described himself as a member of the legislature. Nor was this surprising, for at least two newspapers, the Marianna *Times-Courier* and the Dothan (Alabama) *Eagle,* had thoroughly advertised the affair, even quoting a deputy sheriff as saying that in his opinion the mob would not be molested either before or after the killing. The Governor of Georgia, urged to send the National Guard to prevent what everyone in the State but himself seemed to know would happen, explained that he had consulted with the local authorities, who had assured him they could "take care of any situation that might arise." How well they did so is indicated by the reported remark of still another deputy sheriff that if the mob was determined to kill the Negro, he knew of "no way to prevent it." Neal was accused of the rape and murder of a young white girl, and so large was the crowd in front of her father's house, where the lynching had been planned, that a picked group of the town's elect took the Negro off into the woods, mutilated his body with knives either before or after death, and brought the corpse in for the crowd to see, after which it was hanged to a tree in front of the county courthouse. And this was entirely fitting. For the body of the Negro became thereby the symbol of justice and decency which were destroyed by violence in that little Florida town. The whole revolting affair will give a decided impetus to the movement for a federal anti-lynching law.

THE PLACE OF THE NEGRO in the far-reaching program of the TVA should be defined as soon as possible. Negroes themselves believe they are being slighted both in the immediate working program and in plans for the future. "The real complaint," write Charles H. Houston and John P. Davis in the *Crisis,* "lies in the failure of the TVA to incorporate the Negro as an integral part in its whole economic and social rehabilitation program. The general attitude of the TVA toward the Negro is that he is a harmless nuisance which has to be tolerated but which one cannot afford to encourage." Specifically, the Negroes note that they are excluded from the model town of Norris, and that employment of Negroes on the TVA projects in general is confined to low-pay levels. As matters now stand, the accusation of unfairness is hard to refute. Norris, being in the hill district where Negroes are not numerous, was conceived as a white project. Negroes later were employed in small numbers and then excluded from the model town and its remarkable educational and social privileges. At Wheeler Dam, in a district where Negroes are much more numerous, more than 20 per cent of the workers are Negroes, but no social or educational planning has been done for employees of either race. We must expect that the TVA, when it announces its program here, will evince an interest in the Negro and not take the easy course of acquiescing in the traditional prejudice of the South. It is not enough simply to employ Negroes on TVA projects on a population basis, which is being done, nor will the rights of Negroes at Wheeler Dam be upheld by giving them educational and social advantages. The TVA is long-term planning of the first importance and is known as the most enlightened undertaking of the New Deal. It cannot keep this reputation unless it builds a community in which Negroes, so far as the state can determine it, have full economic and social equality.

IF IT REALLY COST only eighty dollars for the oil which enabled the new Union Pacific streamlined speed train to cross the continent from Los Angeles to New York in only 56 hours and 55 minutes, we are indeed witnessing a revolution in railroading. This time is 14 hours and 32 minutes faster than the previous transcontinental record, and the train could have cut off five hours more on its run between Chicago and New York, which was only twenty minutes faster than that of the regular Twentieth Century Limited. What strikes one most about the train is its smallness and compactness. The aisles are so narrow that a very stout person could hardly go through them, and the sections of the Pullmans are so small that it seems as if the passengers would have to be fitted in with a shoe horn. The train as a whole weighs only 200 tons, as against approximately 700 tons for a standard train of the same length. Undoubtedly there will be remarkable developments in this type of train within a very short time, precisely as was the case with the automobile. That the speed will be increased goes without saying—this train averaged only a little less than sixty miles an hour, which by no means represents its capabilities even on the run from Los Angeles to Chicago. But as it is, the travelers on it lost only two business days and three nights. It was certainly time for the railroads to act. Three questions remain to be answered—whether it is not too late, where the railroads can obtain the money to reequip themselves, and whether they can pay the interest on this money after they have obtained it.

LOOKING LIKE A BENEVOLENT VIKING, Miss Gertrude Stein on October 24 returned to her native land, bringing Miss Alice B. Toklas with her in tangible form to quiet any doubts that may have been harbored of her existence (Miss Toklas's existence—nobody has ever doubted Miss Stein's). She was genial to reporters, gasped amiably at the New York skyline, and was not ashamed of considerable ignorance of American affairs, particularly of the death of President Coolidge, which had evidently not yet reached her ears. Moreover, in advance of her lectures on the subject, she explained why she writes as she does. It is because she writes as she talks. "I do talk as I write, but you can hear better than you can see. You are accustomed to see with your eyes differently to the way you hear with your ears, and perhaps that is what makes it hard to read my works for some people." Her public may as well let the whole matter go at that, merely noting that their eyesight was better in the perusal of "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" than in, say, the following sentence from "Geography and Plays": "Lightning has no meaning, gleaning has choosing descending, bread has origin, a taste is spreading." We have tried both seeing and hearing this, and the two senses seem equally baffled. It might be a good idea to follow the noble example of the producers of "Four Saints in Three Acts," and wrap it up in cellophane. This would undoubtedly improve the visibility and it would be a lot of fun besides. All of which should be taken as no disrespect to Miss Stein, but as an elliptical way of saying we admire and like her, and wish her a merry and profitable home-coming.

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Sinclair, La Follette, and Cutting

THERE are only three vitally important contests in the elections now so close at hand. In Wisconsin, in New Mexico, and in California the outcome will be of profound significance for the entire electorate and for the immediate political development of the country. Elsewhere there is apathy among the voters, partly because of their extraordinary confidence in Roosevelt, partly because the masses are so deeply engrossed in the struggle for a bare existence that they have little time or strength for anything else. Decreased registration in various quarters tells the story, and so does the absence of any genuine leadership or alternative economic program on the part of the Republicans. But in the States we have mentioned the fight is on, the issue is joined. Notably in California the lines are clearly drawn. Whatever else may be said about Upton Sinclair's extraordinary achievement in a contest which he began without money, with only a few followers about him, and with apparently no hope of success even in the primaries, it cannot be denied that his candidacy has quickened the political life of the State in an amazing way. He has made the electorate face the economic issues of the day. He has challenged single-handed not only the press of the State but the intrenched forces of privilege and wealth. The character of the opposition to him and the despicable measures and weapons to which it has stooped are his chief glory. As a result he is likely to win the whole-hearted support of every liberal.

He is fighting the worst press conspiracy which we have ever witnessed. As we write, the most unscrupulous elements in both the Democratic and Republican parties are closing in upon him. Chester Williams, of the American Civil Liberties Union of San Francisco, backs the charge of Sinclair that the *Literary Digest* poll was loaded by Merriam supporters who bought up the ballots at 25 cents each and cast them for the Republican candidate; moreover, the poll did not include Los Angeles County, where Sinclair's strength is admittedly the greatest. George Creel, after waiting as long as possible to see what the outcome would be, has repudiated Sinclair in a letter that reeks of self-righteousness and a new concern for the public welfare. We are aware that some of our readers in California and elsewhere have grave doubts of the workability and wisdom of Sinclair's EPIC plan and of his executive ability. Yet the fact remains that if Sinclair is elected, the cause of social and economic justice will be advanced. If he loses, the forces of privilege and black reaction will be heartened the country over.

In Wisconsin, too, the outcome of the three-cornered contest among the Republicans, the Democrats, and the La Follette Progressives is of vital import to the development of reform policies in the United States. As for Senator La Follette, surely no *Nation* reader in Wisconsin needs urging from us to stand by him. The Senator's steady growth in usefulness and power, his statesmanship and that of his brother, and their courage in breaking their old political ties and starting a new party are all sufficient to focus the nation's attention upon what is happening in their State. If there is a clean Progressive sweep in Wisconsin, people who wish to break loose from the old party thraldoms will take heart everywhere. In New Mexico, also, Senator Bronson Cutting's fight to win a well-earned reelection has been thrown into clear relief, not only because he is one of the most useful of the Progressive Republican Senators but because, for some reason which is not clear to us, the Roosevelt Administration has turned against him. It is generally assumed that this is because he has been at times outspoken in his criticisms of the President's policies and the New Deal. In Green Bay, Wisconsin, the President identified himself with the La Follette candidacy; in New Mexico the President has not personally acted, but others near him have.

The truth is that in this election the President has played politics, in the main with remarkable skill—as usual—yet not with sufficient skill to avoid the charge of hypocrisy or at least of gross inconsistency, for which the activities of his Postmaster-General are also partly responsible. The President has insisted that he was neutral in all local contests, and yet, in addition to the facts cited above, he has allowed Mr. Guffey of Pennsylvania, Democratic candidate for Senator, to go in and out of the White House, as Mr. Swing points out on another page, in such a way as to lead to the inevitable deduction that he stands high in the President's graces. There was never the slightest necessity for the President's playing politics. However great their hardships, the masses of the workers are so strongly for the President that in a State like West Virginia the only question is whether or not he will get more support than he did in 1932. When the New York *Herald Tribune* permits its Washington correspondent to admit on its front page that the President is going to win a great victory, if an indirect one, we may be certain that the portents are beyond dispute. Yet that vote of confidence, when it comes, must not be taken wholly as an expression of progressive sentiment or as an indorsement of his liberal policies. There are deductions to be made for benefits received and politics played.

As for the rest of the country, the disheartening thing is the absence of strong candidates and vigorous personalities in the Senatorial fights. In Ohio Senator Fess is beaten, but "Vic" Donahey is no man to represent that State in this time of crisis. The same is even truer of Governor Moore of New Jersey, also certain of election. As we have pointed out, the Senatorial situation in New York is a disgrace to the State with only the able candidacy of Norman Thomas to redeem it. In Missouri, the State of Washington, and elsewhere there is no promise either that the New Deal will be strengthened or that the intelligence and ability of the Senate will be increased. In many places the Senatorial nomination has gone begging, with loss of public interest as a result, and the same is true of numerous local contests, like that in Colorado, where there is no choice between the two gubernatorial candidates. If New York stands out, it is only because of the aggressive tactics of Robert Moses, which are, however, considerably offset by his passing the lie, calling names, favoring the sales tax, and refusing satisfactorily to define his position with respect to the power trust. In Maryland Governor Ritchie's fifth gubernatorial candidacy—unprecedented in our history—deserves public approval.

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The President and the Bankers

THE encounter between the President and the bankers last week was a notable instance of the usefulness of words to hide the repression of ideas. The President's speech, put through a sieve, yields only a minor nugget of substance—his promise to take the government out of business as rapidly as the banks resume their normal functions. Even this must rank as a glimpse of the obvious. The spokesman of the bankers, Jackson E. Reynolds, did not know how to be so artfully vague. He had to make two major concessions to the Administration. He admitted the justification for delay in balancing the budget, and acknowledged the good sense of not proclaiming a stabilized dollar. Thus the President apparently scored twice to one score for the other side. The assembled four thousand bankers cheered the President rapturously, undisturbed at being beaten. The stock market, out of reach of the President's charm, thought it was wiser, and at once marked down prices sharply.

Behind the scenes, however, it is rumored that the bankers came out considerably better than would appear at first sight. It is hinted at Washington that the President agreed to drop the idea of a Central Bank in exchange for acceptance of a permanent scheme of deposit insurance, with a limit of $5,000 a year, which would involve a liability of not greater than 1 per cent of the total deposits of any particular bank. Whether this means that the President has surrendered to the bankers is not yet clear. At the very least it means that he has abandoned open hostility and is experimenting with cooperation. Nor does one need to search long to discover the reason for this amazing reversal of policy.

The fact is the halfway measures of the New Deal have not fulfilled expectations. Pump-priming has not made the water flow. The country staggers under a load of unprecedented expenditure which must go on if the present level of production, low as it is, is to be maintained. The army of the unemployed is not being demobilized; the great majority of the people are near, or on, or over the borderline of poverty. The New Deal began as a cheerful program of reviving business with moderate government spending while correcting many obvious abuses. The spending was too small and too slow, and the reforms were insufficient. Those that would have amounted to something, a more adequate distribution of wealth and a new charter of responsibility for labor, are still to come.

Obviously the Administration will not bring new energy into its treatment of the crisis for some time. It will continue to spend for relief; it will go on priming the pump with public-works projects. It hopes for a substantial business revival by next summer. The President talks of the advantage of increased output at lower prices, while the production and price controls of the NRA are being relaxed. But this presupposes that revival is inevitable. So supposed Hoover, and so supposed the New Dealers last year and again this autumn. Is it not time for the Administration to tell frankly and fully what it is prepared to do if recovery does not come?

The alternatives are simple. Either business will accept the leadership and reforms of the New Deal and put its capital to work, or the government will take its place. It is folly to say that for business this is not a matter of volition. The bankers through their spokesmen admitted by inference that credit might have been more generously given. What bankers and business men really want is to run the country as they have run it since time immemorial. And now that they are not running it they have lost "confidence." Will they have more confidence if the government undertakes to put the unemployed to work? Government spending on an adequate scale can do it, and indeed will do it if necessary, for the country will not wait for recovery much longer.

The prospect of such spending does not frighten us as it would the bankers. It need not, as they believe, lead to inflation if the Administration invests in permanent values, and if it amortizes its loans out of heavy taxation in the higher income brackets. Most of the present spending is transitory in value, with an eye on consumers' purchases and early recovery. We prefer to see recovery bought outright, with an end to the question whether the people are ruled by the government or by business. But if it is too early for such a solution, we wish the President would tell the country what he has in mind beyond the measures of the moment. And we hope that blueprints are being prepared for the eventuality that recovery once more fails to keep its rendezvous. We hear a good deal about the thought given in Washington to the reduction of the NRA, and about the study spent on modest housing programs. We should like to hear more about the program which is going to put all the unemployed to work and keep them permanently busy as suggested in the President's last broadcast. If it had such knowledge, the country would not worry about problems of currency and relief, or even be anxious over the attitude of bankers.

Will Dr. Butler Act?

FOR years *The Nation* has marked the growing liberalism of the president of Columbia University and read with satisfaction his various pronouncements in defense of liberal principles in politics and learning. Only last July, before the Pilgrims in London, he warned his listeners of the encroachments of absolutism and called upon "the English-speaking people" to "rise together in their overwhelming might to defend the [democratic] foundations on which their civilization is being built." These were courageous and timely words.

But our admiration for Dr. Butler gives us the right to demand that he deliver not only the sentiment but the substance of liberalism. Are the principles he supports actually in force at Columbia? The unhappy answer to this question is to be found in an article on another page of this issue. The investigator who wrote Fascism at Columbia University asserts that active, avowed fascists are in control of the Italian Department and the Casa Italiana, and that the Casa is a center of fascist propaganda in New York. He assumes that President Butler is not aware of these facts. We wish we could join in this charitable supposition, but we find it impossible. President Butler is not a stupid man, nor does

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he hold aloof from the detailed administration of his university. He must know what is going on. Why, then, does he passively permit the fascization of an important department?

We think we know what Dr. Butler's answer to this question would be. He would appeal to the ideals of liberalism to condone the crushing of liberty at Columbia. He would assert that each department must be allowed to govern itself, that the men in question are able scholars and teachers and must not be discriminated against because of their opinions. We wish to assure President Butler that we have no desire that teachers—even reactionary teachers—be excluded from Columbia for political reasons. What we do demand is that such teachers be prevented from excluding men of opposing views and from using a university department for partisan political ends. Does President Butler deny that the men in control of the Italian Department have done this? If so, we ask most seriously and respectfully that he answer a few direct questions.

Social gatherings and lectures are continually held at the Casa Italiana. Has any liberal Italian ever been invited to speak there on any subject?

Has free discussion been permitted there of Italian political principles or even of general theories of government?

Has any anti-fascist been offered a teaching position or given a graduate degree in the Italian Department? Are there, in fact, any liberals teaching in the department today? (We note, for example, that Professor Arthur Livingston, undoubtedly the leading American scholar in the field of Italian literature and culture, formerly in the Italian Department, is now listed as associate professor of French.)

Have not both money and furnishings for the Casa Italiana been donated by agents of the Italian government?

Why was Professor Riccio awarded a medal the other day by the Italian government; was it for pure scholarship?

Does Dr. Butler believe, in short, that the Italian Department, under the headship of the fascist, Dino Bigongiari, is run according to academic standards of free inquiry and discussion; and does he believe that the Casa Italiana, under the control of Giuseppi Prezzolini, is merely a social and cultural organization similar to the Maison Française?

How would he like it if the Soviet Government helped to furnish and support a Karl Marx House at Columbia for the purpose of similarly propagating Russian "culture"?

We wish to call President Butler's attention to a booklet recently published by the Student League for Industrial Democracy, entitled "Italian Intellectuals Under Fascism." In this brief but carefully documented account of the theories of education governing the schools and universities of Italy, it is pointed out that all university professors are forced to sign an oath pledging themselves to fulfil their academic duties "with the purpose of forming active and valiant citizens devoted to the fascist regime." We readily admit that Dino Bigongiari, as a teacher in an American university, is not bound by the academic regulations of his native land. It is no less true that as an ardent fascist he will base his teaching and the management of his department on fascist ideals. The record of the Italian Department and the Casa Italiana supports this assertion only too well.

We call upon President Butler, in the name of the liberal principles he has himself publicly espoused, to investigate the matters exposed in the article and to answer the questions propounded in this editorial.

The Pie in Art

AS everybody knows and as nearly everybody has pointed out to friends who knew it already, Mickey Mouse is the supreme artistic achievement of the moving picture. The more prosy even go on to wonder at the fact, but it is not, after all, so much of an anomaly. There are plenty of analogues in the chronicles of literature, and there is also an absolute parallel in the brief history of the movies themselves. Ask anyone who remembers them in the days before the war when Roxy's paranoia was just beginning to manifest itself in the first supercinema up in Harlem, and the chances are ten to one that he will recall most vividly, not the polite comedies which the Edison Company was making in the Bronx, not the moral domestic dramas which Lubin was turning out in Philadelphia, and not even the spectacles of the superman Griffith, but the Keystone comedies, in which cops with a variety of strange mustaches chased bathing beauties across the beach, and the artistic possibilities of the pie—conventionally called custard but actually huckleberry, which photographs better—were first fully exploited. Anyone not criminally ignorant of the period knows also that Mack Sennett was the inventor of this genre, and it is no more than right that he should become, as he now has, the subject of a biography appropriately illustrated with photographs of the entire corps of cops and bathing beauties, as well as of Mabel Norman, Fatty Arbuckle, Gloria Swanson, and others who owe their greatness to his unfailing eye for budding talent.*

It appears that Sennett (real name, Sinnott) was a boilermaker with operatic aspirations who got into the Biograph Company as an extra when his musical career stalled. It appears further that in a very few years he had made five million dollars out of slapstick and that he then lost most of it when he did not realize in time that his day was passed. But this summary gives no real idea of the career of a man who was a demoniacally energetic plunger as well as a hard-boiled executive. It was he who plucked Charlie Chaplin out of a forty-dollar-a-week vaudeville job, and it was under his management that Charlie turned from a dismal failure in his first picture to a dazzling success. More revealing of his methods as well as of the general atmosphere in which the early movies were made is the story of his first production in California, where he had been sent by two ex-bookmakers with a little money. In a taxi between railroad station and hotel he saw the beginning of a D. A. R. parade, conceived a scenario impromptu, dumped two comedians and a camera man on the street with instructions to "run in and out of the parade, fall and keep mugging all the time," and then, during the afternoon, finished the picture. No wonder the ex-bookmakers were pleased.

Perhaps Sennett's comedies were not really as funny in their outrageous way as they seem in retrospect, but one gag quoted in the biography makes us think that perhaps they were. A character was praying for "more light." Immediately a window above fell out of its casement on his head. He looked up and the subtitle read: "Either my prayer has been answered or that window needs fixing."

*"Father Goose. The Story of Mack Sennett." By Gene Fowler. Covici-Friede. $3.

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Issues and Men

The Peace Cause Moves On

DESPITE all the discouragements, the movement for peace goes on. Who can doubt it who follows the activities of our chief church organizations? Year by year some of them become more militant, more determined in their opposition to all war. What lover of peace can read the pastoral letter just published by the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church without joyous amazement? Here is what they say about the abominable armament business:

> The passions that are stimulated by greed and unholy ambitions have found fresh expression, and are fostered and promoted by the infamous practices of the manufacturers of munitions and armaments, whose soulless enterprise knows neither friend nor foe in the prosecution of its nefarious ways. For greed of gain and wickedness of design the industry has no parallel in modern times. It foments strife, fans the flame of hatred, embroils nations in bitter rivalries, and uses the ill-gotten wealth at its command to inspire fear and to provoke war. It is a major factor in creating unrest and generating suspicion among peoples.

If that does not sound exactly as if it had come from the columns of *The Nation,* what could? It is what we have been saying for years. But let us read further in this pastoral letter:

> War is outlawed and solemn peace pacts affirm it. . . . As Christians we can have no part in any program which is designed to violate these principles enunciated by the Prince of Peace. War is murder on a colossal scale.

That is precisely what some of us were saying all during the World War at no little risk, and it is of course directly contrary to what Bishop Manning and that eminent Episcopal rector, Dr. Darlington of New York, have been teaching right along. But the bishops do not stop there. Many of them upheld the World War. They have seen the light, and here is what they now say:

> The testimony of the Great War shows the wicked folly of such a struggle, and its aftermath has shattered the world's hope and issued in confusions and disorder, the magnitude of which we are yet incapable of measuring.

Dr. Darlington, who is chaplain of New York's crack cavalry regiment, should be interested in this assertion of the bishops:

> The Christian Church cannot and will not deny loyalty and fealty to its Lord by being partner in any scheme, national or international, that contemplates the wholesale destruction of human life. *It refuses to respond to that form of cheap patriotism which has as its slogan: "In times of peace prepare for war."* It regards as wicked the waste of the nation's wealth in the building of vast armaments and the maintenance of greatly augmented forces on land and sea. [Washington papers please copy, and Franklin D. Roosevelt please read.]

A few weeks ago the Presbyterian Synod of the State of New York met at Buffalo and indorsed the recommendations of its committee on social service. After citing the stand of the Presbyterian General Assembly in supporting all conscientious objectors to war and demanding that they be excused in educational institutions from all "military instruction without loss in academic standing or official censure of any kind," and after expressing its opposition to military training in schools and colleges, the committee urged the Synod through its pastors to influence parents "to refrain from sending their children to schools where military training is required." This savors of a boycott, and it is strengthened by the fact that the Synod approved opposition to the appropriation by the State Legislature of any funds for the drill hall at Cornell, where there is compulsory military training. When one remembers that the bulk of the members of the Synod were encouraging preparedness in 1915 and 1916 and then shouting for the war and proclaiming it to be God's will, it is plain that we have come far in a short time. The Synod does not propose to be caught napping the next time. It therefore indorsed the recommendation of the committee that the churches should now make clear to all their members the economic price to us of neutrality if war should break out anywhere in the world, and educate them to be willing to pay the price of relinquishing our trade as a neutral rather than to be drawn into "the madness of war." As the committee said, "The economic price of neutrality is as nothing beside the spiritual and human price of war." The Synod also instructed the committee to follow the Senate investigation into the manufacture of war munitions and to make suggestions hereafter as to the advisability of investing church funds in corporations which have a major interest in war material.

There are other reasons for hope in this matter of peace. If the Japanese seem bound to make trouble over naval armaments, the impending settlement of Japanese and Russian friction in Manchuria by the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railroad removes that danger of war which alarmed our highest officials at the turn of the year. There are still sore spots galore in Europe, over all of which hangs the menace of Hitler. But speaking as rector of St. Andrew's University in Scotland the other day, General Smuts, who foresaw at Paris the wickedness of the Treaty of Versailles and denounced it when it was finished, declared to the students that, despite the failure of disarmament and the "vogue of silly drilling, strutting about in uniforms and shirts of various colors," he did not find a real war temper anywhere or the material conditions necessary for a modern war. He was much more alarmed by the new tyrannies in Europe than by the danger of another great war. Encouraging all this is; still it calls for redoubled activity against the militaristic forces of evil now so strongly intrenched in the United States as well as abroad.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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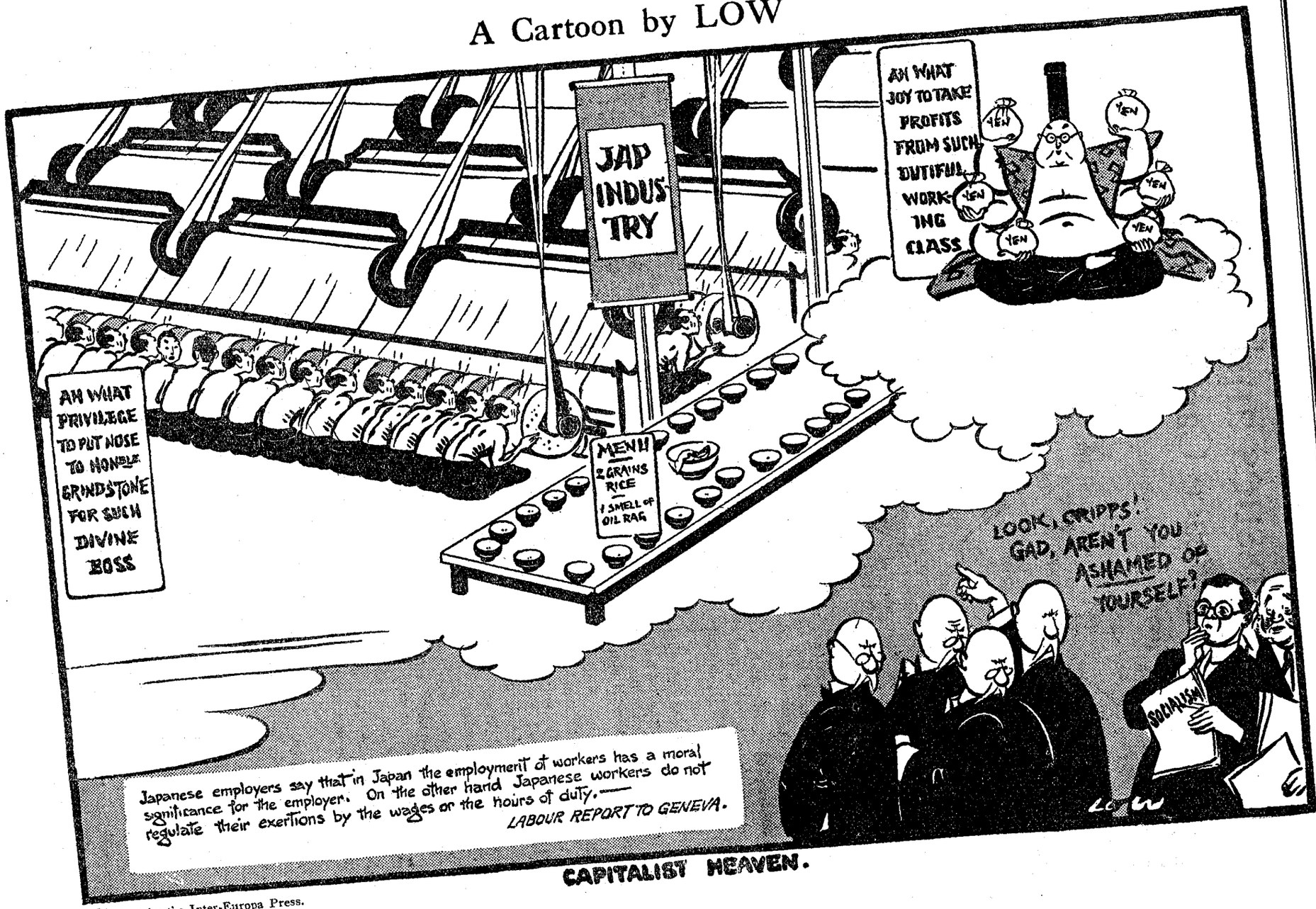
A Cartoon by LOW


JAP INDUSTRY
AH WHAT JOY TO TAKE PROFITS FROM SUCH DUTIFUL WORKING CLASS
YEN
AH WHAT PRIVILEGE TO PUT NOSE TO NOBLE GRINDSTONE FOR SUCH DIVINE BOSS
MENU
2 GRAINS RICE
1 SMELL OF OIL RAG
LOOK, CRIPPS! GAD, AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?
SOCIALISM
Japanese employers say that in Japan the employment of workers has a moral significance for the employer. On the other hand Japanese workers do not regulate their exertions by the wages or the hours of duty.—
LABOUR REPORT TO GENEVA.

CAPITALIST HEAVEN.

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The Japanese Trade "Menace"

By T. A. BISSON

OUR sadly muddled world economy has recently exhibited many contradictory phenomena, but perhaps none more extraordinary than Japan's rapid trade expansion during the past two years. While some other countries have regained a small fraction of their pre-depression trade, Japan has already reached a point within striking distance of its 1929 total. The moment for this trade drive, which began while Japan was slashing its way through "scraps of paper" such as the Nine Power Treaty and the anti-war pact, could have been better timed. With Japanese guns and airplanes bespeaking Japan's political ambitions so unreservedly in Manchuria and at Shanghai, the Western world turned to face this economic offensive with a heightened sense of alarm.

Diatribes against the Japanese "trade menace" became the stock in trade of a certain type of politician in many Western countries. The customary charges of "dumping" and "sweated" labor were leveled against Japan by self-righteous Western business men, who would naturally be expected to feel a sympathetic concern for the welfare of Japanese factory workers—if not for their own. On the floors of congresses and parliaments and in specially arranged exhibits Japanese goods which sold for incredibly low prices were displayed as object lessons of the need for action. The Hearst press and Mussolini were equally alarmed, and both joined in whipping up sentiment for a new crusade against the "yellow peril."

In the last analysis this general hullabaloo was based on the grievances of the particular industrial and commercial interests which were feeling the pinch of intensified Japanese competition. It was the pressure of these special interests that obtained the enactment of a mounting list of tariff increases and quota systems against Japanese goods in many countries of the world. As usual the consumer interest in low-priced goods was ignored in the making of these decisions. They represented the instinctive reaction of a protectionist era, and necessarily excluded a larger view of Japan's trade expansion—its extent, its distribution, the factors that made it possible, and its potentialities. It has now become possible, with the evidence of two years' developments at hand, to draw up a balance sheet.

The increases in Japan's trade during the past two years make a substantial showing. Total Japanese trade advanced from 2,383,000,000 yen in 1931 to 3,778,000,000 in 1933, as compared with 4,365,000,000 in 1929. The recovery has been greater in exports than in imports and has led to a marked reduction in Japan's normal excess of imports. Measured in yen, exports for 1933 were 62.3 per cent above those for 1931, and only 13.4 per cent below those for 1929. Owing to the depreciation of the yen, this recovery must be checked with reference to volume and gold-dollar value. Taking 1928 as the base, the indices for Japan's export trade in 1933 were 112.7 in volume, 94.4 in yen value, and 40.9 in gold-dollar value. In other words, as compared with 1928 a very much larger volume of exports in 1933 sold for somewhat less in Japanese currency and for tremendously less in gold dollars. The decline in gold value, however, needs to be discounted, since the internal purchasing power of the yen remained fairly stable in 1932 and 1933.

The shift in the regional distribution of Japan's exports during the 1931-33 period has been perhaps the most significant aspect of its trade recovery. In its old-established Asiatic markets Japan had by 1933 regained the position occupied in 1929. In the newer markets of Africa, Oceania, the Near East, and Latin America, however, Japan had nearly doubled its pre-depression export totals. Since Japanese goods still form a relatively small proportion of the total trade of these latter areas, the importance of this advance can be easily exaggerated. Nevertheless, Japanese exports to these newer markets showed continued large increases during the first half of 1934, indicating that in the future Japan may well become a serious competitor in a much wider area of world trade than it was active in before the depression.

The political repercussions of Japan's trade expansion have been most violent where inroads have been made on the colonial preserves of other imperialist Powers. An acute struggle in British India during 1933 was settled by an agreement for the exchange of Indian raw cotton and Japanese cotton goods on a strict quota basis, with provision for higher tariff preference to British goods. Effective until March 31, 1937, this Indo-Japanese pact constitutes a three-year armed truce. On the other hand, the quotas imposed by the British government in May, 1934, on imports of Japanese cotton and rayon goods into Crown colonies represented an open declaration of war. Similar difficulties have arisen in the Dutch East Indies. On July 25, 1934, in the midst of a trade conference held at Batavia to iron out Dutch-Japanese issues, the Dutch authorities imposed quotas on a number of Japanese products that were monopolizing the local market. In the same way tariff increases have recently been suggested in the Philippines for the major purpose of protecting imports from the United States against Japanese competition.

In each of these instances the interest of the colonial population in low-priced goods has been left out of consideration. Resort to tariffs and quotas in such cases, especially where no local industry is affected by Japanese competition, constitutes a particularly vicious use of foreign political control. In this regard the judgment rendered on Great Britain by the *Economist* is equally applicable to other Powers: "But for the future it appears that among the benefits of British rule the doubtful privilege of buying expensively from Lancashire is to be forced upon the 'native' in many corners of the globe."

Contrary to the general trend, Japan's exports to the United States, even in the 1932-33 period, have increased but little. A major decline of more than 400,000,000 yen between 1929 and 1930 has never been regained. On the other hand, Japan's imports from the United States have been rising steadily, until in 1933 they virtually equaled the 1929 figure. As a result, since 1932 the balance of trade has shifted heavily in favor of the United States. For the first half of 1934 purchases from the United States exceed-

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ed sales by 176,000,000 yen. Nevertheless, certain firms affected by Japanese competition have brought sufficient pressure to bear on Washington to obtain increased tariff rates on a number of Japanese products. Before this process is allowed to proceed farther, it might be well to consider that it will eventually jeopardize the large and growing market which Japan affords for American goods.

Two factors have been largely responsible for Japan's successful trade drive—low production costs and the depreciation of the yen. The cheap production costs of Japanese industry are the result of low labor costs and an increasing degree of technical and organizational efficiency. Wages in Japan are exceedingly low, and the bulk of Japanese factory operatives work from fifty-five to sixty hours a week. On the other hand, it is questionable whether the productive capacity of the Japanese worker, except possibly in the textile industry, is equal to that of the Western worker. Students of Japan's industrial economy have always enjoyed the game of balancing these considerations against each other in an effort to decide how cheap Japanese labor really is. Evidence presented at the 1934 conference of the International Labor Organization showed that in 1931 wages in Japan were virtually equivalent in gold value to those of Italy and Poland. It was also pointed out that in subsequent years the deterioration of wages and labor conditions in Japan had been no more excessive than in other countries. On the basis of this evidence it may be assumed that the labor costs of Japanese industry are at least as low as and probably somewhat lower than those of the most economically managed industries in Western countries. Whatever the actual differential may be, however, it would not be sufficient by itself to account for Japan's extraordinary invasion of world markets since 1932.

When the Minseito government took office in 1929, it launched a vigorous drive for the rationalization of Japanese industry. A Japanese NRA, designed to restrain reckless competition, to promote the formation of trade associations, and to strengthen the control of industry through such associations, went into effect in August, 1931, and has since been applied to virtually all the chief industries of Japan. (Unlike the NRA this act made no effort to control wages or hours of work.) In a number of selected industries programs were also instituted which involved the fixing of production quotas, the establishment of joint sales offices, and if necessary the enforcement of minimum prices. Even before 1929 a progressive improvement in technical and managerial skill had been taking place in the most advanced Japanese industries. The Japanese textile industry, with up-to-date machinery and flexible adaptation of the type and quality of textile fabrics to particular consumer areas, constitutes the pre-eminent illustration of this development. On the whole, however, with the possible exception of the textile industry, this rationalization movement has merely lessened a competitive advantage that in many cases still rests with the West.

The rapid depreciation of the Japanese yen in 1932 and 1933, added to the low production costs of industry, was sufficient to confer a decisive advantage on Japan's export trade. Such an advantage should normally prove but temporary, especially in the case of Japan, which must import large quantities of industrial raw materials, notably raw cotton, but several factors have combined to prolong this advantage over a period of years. Japanese cotton manufacturers, prior to Japan's departure from the gold standard in December, 1931, had purchased large stocks of American raw cotton at cheap prices. Currency depreciation has so far resulted in only a moderate rise of Japanese internal prices, a rise which has not seriously affected costs of production. Instead, the burdens of this inflationary process, through the continued decline of wages and the lengthening of hours, have been placed on the shoulders of the working class. Japan's trade recovery has stimulated business activity, increased earnings, and resulted in greater employment, but at the same time it has lowered the living standard of the employed workers.

An evaluation of Japan's trade revival raises two major issues—the degree of its stability and its effect on the world at large. That the limits of the expansion have not yet been reached is sufficiently indicated by the continued increases in 1934. For the first half of this year Japan's total trade amounted to 2,162,000,000 yen, as against 1,846,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1933. On this showing Japan's foreign trade for 1934 is likely to equal or surpass the previous high level of 1929.

For the present at least, the factors which have combined to give Japanese manufacturers a decisive advantage in world trade are continuing to operate in their favor. At the same time a number of tendencies working in the contrary direction are steadily gaining strength. New tariff barriers and quota systems against Japanese products are continually being set up. Equalization of internal and external price levels, which normally follows currency depreciation, should eventually eliminate the advantage of the depreciated yen. While the exchange differential continues to exist, however, Japanese trade should at least be able to maintain a level approximating that of pre-depression years. On a long-term view the most serious threat to Japan's export trade is the growth of competing industries in areas that are now markets for Japanese goods—a process that has already gone far in China and British India.

Japan's export manufacturers have based their success on the simple principle of taking a smaller margin of profit on mass sales at extraordinarily low prices. This policy is particularly effective in a period of world-wide depression, when price rather than quality considerations are uppermost in the mind of the customer. The profits reaped by Japanese firms since the export boom began are a sufficient proof that the low sale prices of Japanese goods do not constitute "dumping" in the accepted sense of selling below the cost of production. It is true, of course, that certain special industries in other countries have been adversely affected by intensified Japanese competition. But if the interests of the consumer are taken into account, the Japanese manufacturers may well argue that they are performing a distinct service to the world community. Whole populations, particularly in colonial areas, have been enabled to buy low-priced goods which they might otherwise have lacked during years of dire economic stringency. For many Western exporters, moreover, the rapid growth of Japan's imports since 1932 has opened up an important market for the sale of either raw materials or manufactured products. An expansion of world trade, no matter from what source, necessarily carries with it an excess of benefits. Far from being a menace, Japan's trade recovery, from this standpoint, must be considered a distinct gain for the world as a whole.

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From the point of view of the outside world, however, one big question mark must be set against Japan's trade revival. Resting largely on currency depreciation, it not only depresses the living standards of the Japanese workers but forces competitors in other countries to adopt similar tactics. It is, in other words, part and parcel of the disastrous trend toward economic nationalism for which the principal commercial countries, including the United States, are jointly responsible. This process hinders the reestablishment of world monetary stability and strengthens the general tendency now evident for capitalist rationalization at the expense of the workers. Further intensification of international competition in the world markets on this unhealthy basis may well lead to economic chaos and war.

Last Look at the Campaign

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, October 29

THE campaign ends with the Democrats in a slightly more favorable position than after the Maine election. Then they were happy with the prospect of losing not more than twenty-five to thirty seats in the House and of making a net gain of six in the Senate. Now they expect to lose not more than twenty in the House, and to gain eight or nine in the Senate without dropping a single Democratic Senator.

The Administration will have the best of both worlds at the polls. It will get nearly the entire left and center vote. It will lure a goodly number of conservatives with the new spirit of graciousness to business now pervading the White House. The left has no alternative to the New Deal, and now conservatives are beginning to say they have no effective alternative to the President when it comes to holding a radical country in check. It takes magic to produce such a favorable political situation and the President has done it. If it is deliberate strategy it is as brilliant as it is unsound. It can be excused if the trial period for business would have begun, election or no election. It is unsound because obviously the President cannot lead both a radical country and the conservatives who fear a radical country. The President may not be deliberately playing both ends against the middle, but he has marked the campaign with a tinge of equivocation, and has somewhat befuddled the clarity which existed when the campaign began.

Many close fights give the election an interest which it otherwise would lack. First in excitement and importance is the race of Upton Sinclair in California. The attack on him has embraced the whole range of dishonesty from simple lying to forgery. The State was flooded with handbills purporting to be the indorsement of Sinclair by the Young Communist League. No such league exists in California, and Communists as such are as hostile to Sinclair as are conservatives. The handbills were finally traced back to the office of an attorney with a large corporation practice. The Republican Attorney-General of Los Angeles County brought action to disfranchise about 100,000 voters, charging false registration, almost exclusively of persons in poor circumstances. The procedure he laid down involved the personal appearance of each voter and the production of proof of qualification. This would take months, and was meant to rob Sinclair of a large body of votes.

In Washington I had the astonishing experience of being told by an authoritative Democrat that Sinclair probably would lose and by an equally authoritative Republican that probably he would win. I suspected wishful thinking in both instances. The President's firm refusal to be drawn even into left-handed support of the party's candidate is defended by the prevarication that the White House is keeping out of local campaigns. But Sinclair expected no open indorsement, certainly not as much help, say, as was given Guffey of Pennsylvania. Guffey was invited to two White House meals, and was able to tell White House correspondents that the President had authorized a power survey in the State. This might mean the expenditure of over $50,000,000. This is the kind of vote-catching which, since Maine, has infuriated the impoverished Republicans. The President, in telling the newspapermen that he had not promised to help Sinclair, said it with such emphasis that he was interpreted as meaning he had no intention of giving any help. A few days later the unsavory Guffey got what Sinclair was not to have. The letter which came to Sinclair headquarters from Postmaster-General Farley made it appear at first that Sinclair was at least to get the blue ribbon of the party boss. But it was later explained that it was a form letter with a facsimile signature, and that even the note under the letter itself, handwritten in Mr. Farley's particular green ink, was a facsimile, too, added to all form letters to make them look more personal.

Reports from California indicate that Sinclair has lost ground since the primary. His indorsement by the American Federation of Labor should mean that he will carry San Francisco County. The support of the Utopians might actually decide the election, for their numbers are now reported as fantastically large, perhaps as great as 400,000. The assertion often made that even if elected Sinclair will be powerless because of a hostile legislature is denied by Sinclair's friends. They say that if he wins he will also have a majority in the lower house. He then could checkmate an obstructionist senate by free use of the referendum.

The word from Wisconsin is that Senator La Follette is ahead, but his brother will have a smaller vote for the governorship. Senator Fess apparently is beaten in Ohio. Senator Robinson in Indiana is enough on the defensive to have campaigned during the last few weeks wholly on local issues, after finding his attacks on the New Deal were not popular. His reelection is in doubt. Senator Vandenberg in Michigan made a similar change in tactics, and after beginning with outspoken criticism of the New Deal, softened his tone and found some things to praise. Unless there is a New Deal landslide, his reelection is probable, and he then would rank as one of the few eligibles for Republican standard bearer in 1936.

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The President has tolerated an inference that he would like to see Bronson Cutting beaten in New Mexico by Representative Chavez. Not only is Farley giving Cutting's opponent all possible help in the interests of regularity, but the President appears as sponsor of the drive. Senator Robinson of Arkansas, as the Administration's man in the Senate, visited the White House to discuss the campaign and his own participation in it. Leaving the President, he announced his engagements as including two speeches against Cutting in New Mexico. What other meaning could be given this than that the President approved? Progressive Republicans will have cantankerous words to say on partisanship when Congress meets.

To listen to the Republicans, the decisive factor in the campaign is money, and the victory of the New Deal is being bought solely with expenditures for relief, public works, and crop restriction. Certainly many special payments have been timed to count as much as possible at the polls. But the Republicans, while suffering from this disadvantage, suffer, too, from not having a modern program to offer the country. They are keenly aware of the costly time-lag in the present party routine, causing the campaign of 1934 to be fought on the repudiated platform of 1932. The Republican National Committee did formulate a set of principles for this year, but these are not authoritative, and are timorous and vague. They bind no candidate, and they are not forceful enough for these abnormal times.

The impression in Washington is that the New Deal in some specific details is losing ground in the country, yet the President, if anything, is more popular than ever. But his strength is due in part to the vacuum left in political life by the absence of an organic opposition. So long as a Republican Party platform composed many months before the crisis of 1933 is forced into use, and no one can bind the Republicans to anything more timely, the one-sideness of the campaign is almost inevitable.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

Fascism at Columbia University

By A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

RECENT events in Europe have again focused the attention of the American press on Italy. Compulsory military training for eight-year-old boys, Mussolini's insistence upon militarism, and his provocative challenge to Jugoslavia have recently aroused unfavorable comment in journals which last year had almost forgotten that Italy was the model upon which Hitler based his government by mass murder.

The visit to this country of 350 Italian students, many of them prominent athletes, was, of course, a propaganda move designed to win the friendliness of American university students to the fascist cause. With this fact in mind, it is refreshing to note that the Columbia *Spectator,* the student newspaper, carried on October 5 an editorial calling upon President Butler to take the same courageous, liberal stand against fascism which his colleague, President Conant of Harvard, took in the Hanfstängl incident. The same issue of the *Spectator* carried a front-page article by Sir Anthony Jenkinson, former Oxford student editor, deploring the apathy and inertia of American universities in regard to fascism.

The apathy and inertia which Sir Anthony deplores is nowhere better illustrated than in Columbia University itself. Presided over by one of America's leading liberals, Columbia should be the center of a campaign against all forms of fascist intolerance. In fact, President Butler only last spring, in a brilliant speech before the American Woman's Association, pointed out the dangers of fascism and communism and made a plea for a militant defense of American democratic ideals. Thus it is rather surprising that Dr. Butler says nothing about, and therefore presumably is not aware of, the subtle fascist propaganda within the walls of his own university. The center of this propaganda is the Casa Italiana. The Casa, a handsome seven-story building, is an integral part of the university, as are the library, the college, and the law school. It is the home of the activities of the Italian Department. And yet it has become an unofficial adjunct of the Italian Consul-General's office in New York and one of the most important sources of fascist propaganda in America. Let us observe at the outset that while German Nazi propaganda has been for the most part clumsy and obvious, Italian fascist propaganda has been subtle and elaborate.

No liberal can quarrel with the principle that Columbia University must permit all varieties of political opinion, including fascism, to be freely expressed there. The Casa Italiana has consistently violated this principle, however, by refusing to permit, within its walls or in its publications, any expression of opinion at variance with fascist doctrine. In spite of definite attempts on the part of unbiased students, outstanding Italian liberals such as Count Sforza, Gaetano Salvemini, now a visiting professor at Harvard, and Guglielmo Ferrero have never been invited to speak at the Casa Italiana. The Casa has several rooms for Italian visitors to this country, but none except Fascists have been housed there. Most of the furniture for this center of fascist propaganda was donated by the Italian government.

It is not generally known that Giuseppe Prezzolini, the present director of the Casa Italiana, was in the days before fascism a crusading liberal. As editor-in-chief of the *Voce,* an Italian periodical published in Florence between 1908 and 1916, he attacked the corruption of the reactionary and demagogic regime of the period to such an extent that he was known throughout literary and political Italy as *l'uomo puro,* "the incorruptible." A good part of the activity of Prezzolini and his associates on the *Voce* consisted of attacks on the intellectual bombast of the pre-war nationalist movement, which later became the very keystone of the present fascist doctrine. Among the collaborators on the *Voce* were Benedetto Croce, the noted philosopher, Gaetano Salvemini, now in exile in America, Amendola, a courageous liberal who was killed by the Fascists for his part in the Aventine opposition after the murder of Matteotti in 1924, and Giovanni Papini, the author of "The Life of Christ." All these men, with

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the exception of Papini, remained true to their liberal principles. Prezzolini, after the March on Rome in 1922, avoided taking a definite position until the summer of 1933, when he expressed outspoken fascist sympathies in an Italian newspaper article reproduced in the Italian American review *Atlantica.*

Despite Prezzolini's early record of liberalism, an attempt was made by an instructor in the Italian Department of Columbia University to link the *Voce* and Prezzolini to fascism in a doctoral dissertation entitled "On the Threshold of Fascism." The purpose was to create out of whole cloth the myth that Prezzolini was the precursor of Mussolini and that the *Voce* had been of invaluable aid in preparing the intellectual foundations of fascism. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. The author of the dissertation, Peter M. Riccio, now an assistant professor in the Italian Department at Columbia, acknowledges in his preface Professor Prezzolini's "unlimited hospitality and liberal donation of material." It is therefore clear that Prezzolini was aware of and participated in this hoax. Professor Riccio's contribution to contemporary Italian culture was exposed several months ago in *La Stampa Libera,* a New York independent Italian newspaper, and in a pamphlet written by two Italian exiles, Carlo Rossi and Antonio Marchi, entitled "An Academic Scandal at Columbia University." This pamphlet properly asserted that "it is impossible . . . to understand how Columbia University can approve of such a travesty on scholarship, on good taste, and on intellectual decency and honesty." It declared that Professor Riccio's book, "fraudulent in conception and execution, could not have borne the imprimatur of a university unless special pressure was at work." With incontrovertible evidence it brought out the equivocal structure upon which the dissertation rested, and declared it "one of the worst and most disgraceful dissertations ever written in the history of higher education," revealing astonishing ignorance of Italian affairs and of elementary standards of scholarship.

What was the special pressure? Why should Professor Riccio have been interested in writing a book in which every standard of intellectual honesty had been subordinated to a definite effort to exalt Prezzolini, to reconstruct his past, and to praise the fascist movement? "On the Threshold of Fascism" was only the first in a long series of incidents which can leave no doubt in the mind of an unbiased observer that the Italian Department at Columbia is dominated by fascist influence.

After the erection of the Casa Italiana, largely through funds contributed by the Italian Americans of the metropolitan district, the head of the Columbia Italian Department, Professor Dino Bigongiari, an avowed fascist, sought to intrench fascist influences in the conduct of Italian studies at Columbia University. He first invited Giuseppe Prezzolini to come to Columbia as a visiting professor. Prezzolini was a free-lance journalist after his editorship of the *Voce,* and for several years after the war had been a book-seller and press agent. Professor Bigongiari's subordinate, Mr. Riccio, then prepared the dissertation referred to above on the *Voce* and Prezzolini's work. In theatrical parlance this method would be known as a "build-up." A few months after the appearance of this book Prezzolini was made director of the Casa and a full professor of Italian, Riccio was made an assistant professor, and Bigongiari remained as head of the department and as the real power in carrying out fascist ideas. The same Professor Riccio was secretary of the committee in charge of arrangements for the visit of the Italian university students to this country, and on October 23, 1934, he was presented with a medal by the Italian government for his services in its behalf. There is an intimate association and regular correspondence between the Italian Embassy at Washington, the Italian Consul-General's office in New York, the office of the *Fasci all'Estero* of Rome, which has charge of fascist activities abroad, and the Casa Italiana.

The relation of the Casa to its students is a most questionable one. Student gatherings for the purpose of discussing aspects of fascist rule are forbidden; a critical attitude of mind among students is discouraged. The professors have the power of withholding higher degrees in their department from students who view contemporary Italy with an open mind. One of the most important activities of the Casa is an educational bureau. Its head is Leonard Covello, a high-school principal who serves as the henchman of the Casa fascist group in the city high-school system. The real purpose of the bureau is to instil Italian nationalism into the Italian population of New York. This is done by means of a speakers' division which, manned in part by graduate students of Italian descent at the university, goes into the Italian quarters of the city and pleads for adherence to Italian customs and fascist ideals. For the maintenance of this bureau and other Casa activities the Italian Consul-General of New York last year contributed $3,000. The policies of the Casa have alienated almost all the men who contributed money toward its erection. Its deficit, at present, amounts to more than $50,000.

The official publication of the Casa is the *Italy-America Monthly.* This publication is the result of a merger of the monthly of the Italy-America Society and the Casa Italiana *Bulletin,* formerly an autonomous monthly issued by the Casa as an organ for the expression of student and faculty opinion. The present monthly is frankly fascist in character, and in its nine months of existence has not carried a single controversial article. Its leading article has consistently been written by Beniamino de Ritis, an officer of the Italy-America Society and a fascist propagandist who is not affiliated with Columbia University. Each of De Ritis's articles has taken up some aspect of the fascist state. It need not be asked whether or not Mr. de Ritis approached his subject with a critical mind. One may wonder what interest the disinterested American student of Italian culture or politics can take in such a publication.

Using a part of a great American university as an agency of a foreign government should obviously not be permitted. The situation at Columbia is possible only because of ignorance of Italian affairs or general indifference to them. Considering the number of competent scholars in the Italian field, it is difficult to see why a foreign journalist should have to be imported for the purpose of teaching Italian culture in this country. Now that the facts are known concerning the betrayal of a semi-public trust by a few men, the intrusion of foreign political influences in American universities should not be tolerated. In view of the irrefutable evidence linking the Casa Italiana with fascist propaganda, President Butler would do well to make a thorough and impartial investigation of this unwholesome situation.

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Taxation in the New Social State

IV. State Finance

By M. SLADE KENDRICK

BEHIND the current issues of American State finance lie past policies the effects of which reach into the present, deepen its difficulties, and thereby emphasize the need for fundamental changes. From 1922 to 1929 State expenditures, which ordinarily comprise from 13 to 15 per cent of all governmental expenditures in this country, expanded under the smile of a prosperity which, however deceptive it may seem in retrospect to have been, appeared genuine at the time. In 1922 the States spent in round numbers $1,280,000,000; in 1929, $2,061,000,000. This was a remarkable increase in public expenditures for a period of eight years. And not all these expenditures were for current governmental services. An increasing proportion of them—32 per cent in 1929 compared with 17 per cent in 1922—were outlays for permanent improvements which could yield their incomes of service only in time. Thus, while the number of private automobiles and new houses and the amount of other private capital goods were increasing, the mileage of hard roads and the number of parks, public buildings, and other long-time public enterprises were also increasing. Both public and private enterprise were spending in the present for the sake of the future.

All this spending both for current services and for permanent improvements might have been a provident garnering for the public need from the lavish output of private enterprise if it had not been for the method of financing it. Although rates of existing taxes were increased and some additional sources of taxation were developed, the ensuing gains to the public revenue were insufficient to finance the expanded program of State activities. Resort to borrowing became general. Only a few States resisted the temptation to spend now and pay later. The net debt of the States rose from $834,000,000 in 1922 to $1,690,000,000 in 1929, and the annual interest payment increased during the same period from $41,000,000 to $94,000,000. Thus, at the onset of the depression, State revenues were burdened with the heavy annual carrying charge of a greatly increased public debt.

The effect of the depression on the financial systems of the States was relatively small at first. The trends of the prosperity period continued for a time. State levies on property were cut in response to the continued demand of the depression-ridden farmers for a reduction in their taxes, while rates of taxes collected in the main from urban sources were raised and some new taxes were introduced. Expenditures, however, continued to grow more rapidly than revenues, and in two years the net debt of the States increased by another $300,000,000. Thus the mortgaging of both present and future income to debt service continued.

Even so, if the depression had ended in 1931, State finance might have pursued its care-free way with a relatively small disturbance. Recovery would have postponed the reckoning. But the economic sky turned darker to the accompaniment of falling prices, bankruptcies, a cracking international financial structure, mounting unemployment, and growing distress. Revenues which had formerly held up began to fail in supply. Even levies of the property tax, once a sure source of money, began to be followed by an alarming total of delinquencies. And to make matters worse, the need for revenue increased because some provision had to be made at once for the relief of the unemployed. Private charity and municipal relief had broken down. The States had to take over part of the relief burden. So desperate was the situation that they could not cope with it, and soon the federal government was forced to come to their rescue by assuming the greater part of the relief expenditures in all the States and the whole of these expenditures in some States.

Under the accumulating stress of failing revenues and increased expenditures, salary cuts became general and decreased appropriations to State institutions the rule. Allocations to local units for educational and other services were cut drastically in many States, and the burden of relief, as already indicated, was passed on in large part to the federal government. Despite these economies, some of which were of questionable wisdom, budgetary deficits grew larger. In some States these could not be financed by bond issues because of constitutional restrictions; in most States, because of a decline in their credit rating.

The States, therefore, have gone far afield in their search for revenue. Emergency levies have been added to the regular imposts of certain taxes. Eighteen States have adopted the general sales tax since 1929, and an equal number the chain-store tax. Since 1929 twelve States have introduced the personal income tax, and eleven the taxation of amusements. In 1933 ten States introduced the taxation of betting. Repeal offered another source of revenue. Twenty-four States have passed laws taxing spirits, and thirty-nine have provided for the taxation of beer and wine. These additional sources of State taxation are mostly levies on the consumption of the masses. Need for revenue prepared the[i] way. But however fully that need may justify their imp[o]sition in the present emergency, not all these taxes should b[e] continued as permanent sources of State revenue. Yet i[n] practice it is difficult to discontinue the levy of a tax.

Thus, in its large outlines the general financial situa[-]tion of the American States inspires neither praise for pas[t] performance nor optimism for the future. The record speaks of poor financial management, and is even more dismal for collective than for private enterprise because of the greater number that must share responsibility. The matter in point, however, is not appraisal of State finance but a consideration of what should and can be done about its problems.

The general financial problem of the American States is threefold: to maintain the services of government, including those resulting from the depression; to pay interest and principal charges on the debt; and to reorganize State public finance so as to prevent a recurrence of the present fiscal emergency. Of these problems the first two are of immediate importance.

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The traditional solution of a financial difficulty, public or private, is to spend less. This solution has already been applied by the States. Hence, if it is to mean anything at present, it must mean either a further curtailment of the ordinary services of government or, except as federal relief is supplied to replace it, a disregard of the needs of the unemployed. Reduction in State expenditures by either of these methods would not be in the public interest.

A more practical consideration is that it cannot be done. The social philosophy that government is to act rather than to restrain, to provide rather than to withhold, was established before the depression. As need on need has pressed for recognition, this philosophy has become intrenched. And though emphasis on the sphere of governmental activity may vary, a popular return to the economic philosophy of individualism and laissez faire is no more probable than a return to the means of transportation of a hundred years ago.

Expenditures for debt service cannot be reduced without the destruction of State credit. A few States may be able to refund some bond issues into others bearing lower rates of interest, but this is not the general situation. For most States the debt is a burden the annual cost of which cannot be lessened save by the slow process of reducing the principal. This burden has been accepted by practically all the States. Indeed, many have repudiated obligations to their employees and to their citizens generally in order to meet the interest on their bonds.

The present need of the States, social and economic, is clearly for more money in their treasuries. It ought to be possible to recommend that in this emergency the revenues of the future be drawn upon through the device of borrowing. But as has been indicated, present and future revenues are already mortgaged heavily. Hence this suggestion cannot be offered as a general solution of the problem. A few States, however, still have excellent credit. For these, borrowing for part of their requirements would seem a sound policy.

In recommending additional taxation, the writer is aware that the new sources discovered by State legislatures in recent years limit the possibilities that remain. Nevertheless, some sources of additional revenue are still untapped. The personal income tax offers considerable possibilities of revenue in States that have not yet adopted it. Where constitutional restrictions prevent adoption of this tax, they should be removed. Unfortunately, this will be a difficult task in some States owing to the rigid structure of their constitutions. But never was there a time more favorable for the breaking of barriers than now. This opportunity should be used. States that already levy personal income taxes could raise additional revenue from this source by a revision of rates and personal exemptions. Although the progression of State income-tax rates is limited by the opportunity that wealthy persons have of moving from a State of high taxation, more progressive rates could be levied in some States. In most States some rates in the income-tax schedule could be raised. Personal exemptions are generally high; these should be lowered greatly. Much has been said in recent years about "broadening the base of taxation." This argument has been commonly used in justification of the levy of a general sales tax. The base of taxation may, however, be broadened in a much fairer way by a tax that considers differences in income than by a tax that is levied upon rich and poor alike at the same rate. But in recommending greater use of the personal income tax, it is recognized that a personal income-tax law does not enforce itself. The success of such a tax depends largely on the quality of its administration. The minor sources of taxation, amusements and tobacco, offer some possibilities of revenue. Less than one-half of the States tax amusements, and less than one-third tax tobacco. It would appear that in these dark days non-essentials might be taxed to supply essential public services to all and the necessaries of life to those in distress.

Although not so immediately pressing, the problem of reordering public finance in the States so as to prevent a recurrence of present financial difficulties is of great importance in the long run. First of all, State taxation policy should be adjusted to the business cycle. It is not necessary to forecast the coming of a depression in order to prepare for one. All that is necessary is to recognize that depressions come and to act accordingly. Tax rates should be kept high in the next period of prosperity and debts should be paid. If this course is followed, it is safe to predict that after full allowance for any difference in severity, State finance will weather the next depression better than it has come through the current one. Furthermore, each State should develop the best State tax administration possible. There is nothing mysterious or accidental about efficient tax administration. It can be had by any State that wants it; it gives an annual reward in years of prosperity and in a period of depression offers assurance that such revenue measures as may be adopted will have at least as great a degree of success as tax administration can give them.

Reform of local government is yet another means toward the end sought. State finance can never be on a sound basis until local finance is also. Elimination of local waste, inefficiency, and improvident financing would strengthen the tax base for State as well as for local government. Such reform would be most helpful in the present plight of State government, but unfortunately it cannot be accomplished in time to afford much relief during the current depression. A beginning could, however, be made now on the basis of the excellent studies that have been made in this field.

Another fundamental measure needed for the reform of State finance is a thorough revision of the tax structure. State taxes are now levied at one extreme on vague and general principles, at the other on practical issues only. Taxation in the individual States exhibits little plan, and State taxation as a whole is full of burdensome provisions by which each State seeks revenue regardless of the claims of other States. What is needed in each State is the development of a system of taxation whereby the taxes imposed would be in close adjustment to the purposes that account for their levy. The constructive purposes for which the revenues of the modern State are expended should be recognized in its tax system. What is needed generally is the adoption of certain principles of interstate comity in taxation, so that equities in property, business, and incomes that cross State lines will no longer be burdened because of the interstate character of the ownership. Individualism among States serves the common good no better than individualism among persons.

[*This is the fourth of a series of ten articles on taxation, planned and edited by Professor Paul Studenski. The fifth, Local Finance, by Philip H. Cornick, of the New York State Commission on the Revision of Tax Laws, will appear in the issue of November 21.*]

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Conflict Not in the Headlines

By AVIS D. CARLSON

WITH the newspapers reporting increasing violence in various American communities, it should be valuable to analyze the civic temper and intellectual atmosphere in a town which is not in the spotlight. For in communities as in individuals the maladjustments and cumulative irritations of today are the violences of tomorrow.

Consider, then, Wichita, a bewildered Middletown whose 6,000 families on relief are growing steadily more hopeless and resentful, whose labor movement is rapidly stiffening, whose intellectuals are moving leftward along with their kind everywhere, whose conservatives are angry and a bit frightened. On the surface everything is so quiet that Wichita appears only slightly perturbed by the depression. But the quietness is deceptive, for beneath it tensions are increasing daily and must continue to increase so long as the business and political leadership of the town maintains its present rigidity in defending the status quo.

How little elasticity of opinion there is in this leadership I may show by sketching a series of recent amusing episodes. Strung together, they constitute either a beautiful plot for comic opera or a brief for the Jeremiahs who see in them the first rumblings of approaching fascism. Needless to say, they have not been featured by the Wichita press.

For one of the funniest we are indebted to our extraordinarily alert D. A. R. When a few years ago they noticed that the traffic squads of school children were using red flags to halt traffic, the Daughters were simply horrified. Immediately they procured green flags for the squads' use. And now whatever habit-jolt we suffer from putting on the brakes at the sight of a green flag is more than compensated for by the knowledge that our children are saved the pernicious psychological influence which would inevitably result from constantly seeing and handling the flag of Moscow. If only some great national organization would rise to its duty and point out to the railroad systems and the Catholic church the harm they do in using this iniquitous color!

But a gesture of that sort, no matter how noble, is not to be compared in effectiveness with the day-by-day earnestness of a group of citizens who are at or near the center of the town's civic life. It is hardly a coincidence that most of the busier of them have military connections, are officers in the reserves, prominent in the Legion, or officially connected with the local National Guard unit. Many of them belong to the Sojourners' Club, that interesting organization of Masonic reserve officers which in Wichita, at least, serves as a steering committee for all patriotic activities.

One of the important functions of the group is to prevent any of the nation's celebrities popularly supposed to be tainted with either radicalism or pacifism from speaking in Wichita. When, for instance, one of the Y. M. C. A. clubs two years ago invited Sherwood Eddy to the city, the patriots moved heaven and earth to prevent his talking. Their efforts were only partly successful. The students of the municipal university were protected from him, but his backers found him a church where he could address a mass-meeting. The darkest forebodings of the patriots were realized when during the course of his speech Mr. Eddy remarked that he would never support another war and that there were some good things to be said for the Russian experiment, thus proving himself a treasonable citizen and a rabid Communist. After the meeting the secretary of the Y was invited to appear before the Sojourners' Club and was there reprimanded for his part in contaminating the civic life with the presence of a person like Sherwood Eddy.

Public spirit of that sort must have its effect upon the community as a whole. Some time after the Eddy incident the City Teachers' Association brought Glenn Frank to town for a lecture. The patriots were terribly concerned. But imagine their indignation when the Wisconsin alumni of the University Club proposed that the club should give a dinner in his honor. Several members leaped to their feet and threatened to resign on the spot if the club should so disgrace itself. When it was learned that the Chamber of Commerce was making plans to have Mr. Frank address a luncheon meeting for them, pressure was brought to bear upon the program committee and Mr. Frank was bluntly wired that his presence was not desired. And to cap the incident, the Superintendent of Secondary Education was roundly rebuked for his guilt in allowing the teachers to bring the Wisconsin fomenter of revolution into the town.

Recently a joint committee of the American Association of University Women, the Young Women's Christian Association, the League of Women Voters, and the Christian Youth Council (hothead organizations, all of them!) sponsored a two-day visit of Paul Harris, a "paid agitator" (I heard those words actually used) of the National Council for the Prevention of War. Immediately the American Legion got into action to prevent his coming. When they found the sponsoring groups could not be deterred, they turned their attention to the Board of Education. In the end Mr. Harris was not permitted to speak before any public-school group. Presumably the tender minds of high-school and university students must be protected from discussion of such subjects as comparative disarmament and the peculiar necessity for peace in the modern world of machines.

Last winter a group of ministers, college professors, teachers, Y secretaries, and clubwomen sponsored the lecture course of the League for Industrial Democracy. On the program were Harry Laidler, Professor Edward Berman of the University of Illinois, James Yard, Professor S. D. Myres, editor of the *Southwest Review,* and Norman Thomas. When the sponsors petitioned the Board of Education for permission to hold the lectures in a high-school auditorium, the board committee which controls the use of the buildings refused in a tart letter stating that it was the fixed policy of the board to allow a school auditorium to be used only for educational or cultural programs and that this series of lectures came under neither classification!

Most of the civic "boards"—the Community Chest, the Y. M. C. A., the city commission, the University of Wichita, and so on—contain outspoken red-baiters and pacifist haters. But in many ways the situation in the Board of Education is

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he most alarming to citizens with liberal tendencies. One of the most influential members of the board is a retired lieutenant colonel who is now district manager of the Kansas Gas and Electric Company, the local unit of the Electric Bond and Share network. Another member, a major in the reserves, is a lawyer but is best known locally for his prominence in various military organizations. With such a vigilant pair of patriots on the board any subversive tendencies among school teachers are fairly sure to come to light. Last winter what should turn up but a veritable attempt to introduce Russian propaganda among the students of the high school through the medium of the high-school division of the Y. M. C. A.

It happened in this wise. Unable to find a Bible at the minute, the teacher sponsoring the "Hi-Y" gave the student charged with "leading devotionals" a little book of quotations compiled by David Porter, a national figure in the Y. M. C. A. In the book were scores of innocuous sayings about the brotherhood of man and the true nature of Christianity. Was it then only by chance that the student should read a paraphrase of the Good Samaritan story in which a man of color going down the pages of history is set upon and beaten, passed indifferently by an Englishman going to take up the white man's burden, tossed a coin by a philanthropic American, and at last succored by a Russian Communist who "bound up his wounds and made him a partner in his enterprise"?

The patriots knew that more than mere chance was involved. At once they saw the incident in its true light, a detail in a great plot of the Y. M. C. A. and the schools to overthrow the government by corrupting the minds of our future citizens. Vigorous measures were taken. Our major made a ringing plea to the Board of Education to withhold the contracts of the two principals, the one because the incident had occurred at his school and the other on the general suspicion of radicalism. Action on the contracts was deferred for a month, but in the end the patriots voted with the rest of the board to rehire the principals. The major, however, issued a vigorous statement to the effect that he hoped the erring school men would consider themselves on probation this coming year, for in another year he would raise "a real howl" if they continued to "do their thinking out loud."

During a recent uprising on the part of the unemployed because their relief had been cut to a below-subsistence level for a period of five weeks, it was no accident that the liveliest, most indignant supporters of "law and order" came from among the patriots. It was also no accident that when the unemployed were dispersed from an orderly meeting by tear bombs and the National Guard, the liberals watched with sympathetic eyes. For perhaps the first time in their comfortable lives they had a real fellow-feeling for a group of social outcasts.

The forces all around are tightening. Today a genuine organization of the unemployed is in formation. The labor unions, which have never had any militancy in Wichita, are achieving a new solidarity. The "intellectuals" have no organization whatever, but the town is so small that they all know each other, and a whisper of gossip about any event or policy that affects their interest passes quickly among them. Dissension is definitely growing in Wichita, and genuine trouble may not be far over the horizon.

In the Driftway

THE Tennessee Valley Authority, which is engaged in the business of bringing the power age to some two million persons in the vicinity of the new Norris Dam, has been faced with a problem as unusual as it is profound. One "Ras" Lindemood, a farmer in Union County, Tennessee, finds his land located directly in the basin of the dam. He is willing to accede to the government's plans for establishing him somewhere else, but he stipulates that he must not go so far that he cannot carry fire from his hearth to his new home. His forebears came from Virginia in the days of the early migrations across the mountains, and the fire they kindled on the hearth of their Tennessee home has been burning ever since. Their grandson, "Ras," means to keep it burning.

* * * * *

THIS touching story moves the Drifter to one observation that is particular and slightly melancholy, and to another that concerns the human race as a whole. He wonders first whether a beneficent government, in designing its compact, neat, two-by-four cottages to house the fortunate inhabitants of the valley, has made any provision for hearth fires at all. In an era of modern conveniences the electric stove will undoubtedly take their place, and if the new houses contain an open fireplace it will speedily degenerate into a repository for cigarette butts in the winter and a jar of ferns in the summer. It will no longer be needed for heat, light, or culinary purposes. The old hearth fire will be displaced by a miracle that is brought into the house on a wire, and with it will come, to "Ras" Lindemood and his neighbors, a new world, although not necessarily one that they will prefer to the old.

* * * * *

MORE generally considered, the story of the Tennessee farmer and his fire indicates the two halves into which the human race is divided. There are those who would keep fire burning through generations, who behave as they do because their fathers before them behaved so, who are not only bound but nourished by tradition. These persons remodel old houses, buy antique furniture, and keep an attic full of old letters. (If they have no attic, as very likely they have not, they yearn for one.) They not only prefer the world as it is, unsatisfactory though it may be; they are terrified at the thought that it may change suddenly. Consider how opposite are the other sort of people. They spent most of the late nineteenth century in stamping out hearth fires. It is true that many of these blazes gave little warmth, but one suspects that the hearth is still colder now they are out. The fire quenchers triumphantly did away with the church, they administered a sad blow to the home, they threw doubts upon democracy, and the profit system was bowed beneath the weight of their scorn. Having cast these ashes to the winds, they are busy kindling a new blaze, one that will set the world on fire and carry with it the brightness of the millennium. Since he has reduced his discussion to these simple metaphorical terms, the Drifter is almost afraid to confess what in the beginning he was sure of—that he thinks himself,

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on the whole, a fire carrier. As a Drifter should, he has been in many parts of the earth and seen a good many different kinds of people, but it was their likenesses that interested him rather than their differences. He watched for his own hearth fire burning in them, and almost always found it, whether they were peasants or princes or priests. His more impetuous friends will consider this heresy of the first water. He warns them that if they ever succeed, as a sort of punishment for this apostasy, in dragging him into their incendiary business, he will join them not without regret. He will be looking forward longingly to the day when the new fire shall have died down a little. At his advanced age he is inclined to prefer more warmth and less heat.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Berle on Mr. Corey

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

A. A. Berle's review of Lewis Corey's "The Decline of American Capitalism" in *The Nation* for September 12 is written in such a slipshod and contradictory fashion as to make one suspect that Mr. Berle would like to be faithful to capitalism and to truth at the same time. Mr. Berle begins by sneering at Marx and then draws a red herring across the trail by making a distinction between politics and economics. "Marx was mainly concerned with a political solution," and "as an adjunct to this he spent tremendous effort on a critique of the economic system." One would think that politics was in one world and economics in another, and that Marx, by chasing a political will-o'-the-wisp, had finally wandered into economics and stumbled, in his dull, dogmatic way, on some neglected economic truths. But what is the real connection between politics and economics? Go back to Adam Smith and you will find that his "Wealth of Nations" was written as a phase of his inquiry into "those political regulations which are founded on expediency, and which are calculated to increase the riches, the power, and the prosperity of a state."

Now Marx succeeded in showing that quite apart from the howling injustices of capitalist distribution the system was founded on postulates logically so contradictory as to constitute as great a defiance to nature and mathematics as a perpetual-motion machine in mechanics. The thing couldn't work, not because it attempted to exploit the workers, but because it attempted to exploit them in a geometrical progression without providing the purchasing power to permit cashing in on the exploitation. For pointing all this out Marx was called an unbalanced crank, whereas the real cranks, the seekers after economic perpetual motion, were honored as followers of natural law in economics. And now when Mr. Corey, on the basis of a painstaking empirical and quantitative study, verifies the conclusions which Marx derived from a critique of fundamental postulates, as well as presents a wholly original analysis of what constitutes the economics of capitalist decline, Mr. Berle dismisses his work as that of a bigoted dogmatist, "in the same class in economic matters as any fundamentalist proving the literal accuracy of the Bible by geographical evidence."

But Mr. Berle is not so blinded by his interest in capitalism as not to see out of the corner of his eye that Marx and Corey are somehow right. And so he says that Marx "guessed right," and that while Mr. Corey's work is to be "dismissed as science," his "conclusions are probably sound." These terrible Marxists must have an uncanny pull with God to be able to get true conclusions by following false scientific methods, while the orthodox economists who follow the true methods are somehow unable to get these conclusions until the Marxists point them out.

Mr. Berle gives a perfect Freudian betrayal of his motivations when he writes that economic adjustment means for Mr. Corey "accepting an intolerable fascism or a communism *which, as he paints it, would seem to be almost equally intolerable.*" I have read Mr. Corey's book from cover to cover, and nowhere do I find him painting a picture of communist society, let alone painting an intolerable picture of that society.

Mr. Berle concludes by commending the cultural values of capitalism. But the cultural values of capitalism exist only as a negative quantity. Acquisitive industrial capitalism has not created any cultural values, but it has progressively degraded every one of the cultural values which were created before this capitalism came into full operation. It has degraded art, it has degraded the wonderful possibilities of science, it has degraded the democratic, humanitarian dream, it has degraded even common commercial honesty—and Mr. Berle's case shows how it has degraded intellectual honesty and sincerity as well.

New York, September 25 BENJAMIN GINZBURG

What Houghton Mifflin Left Out

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

That was an interesting review by Mr. Villard on "Forty-two Years in the White House," in *The Nation* for October 3, particularly regarding the divergences between the book and the magazine versions. The first quotation that he makes was omitted from the book merely because we felt it was repetitious. In the second case, our quotation is exactly as it appears in the manuscript, and we cannot find there the sentence that the *Saturday Evening Post* puts in. The third quotation appears in the book as well as in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The fourth quotation is given exactly as it appears in the manuscript, where there is no explanation as to the identity of "the third party."

Boston, September 30 R. N. LINSCOTT

Berry and Tomato Picking

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a berry grower I was much interested in John Macnamara's article on berry picking in *The Nation* for September 12. Like a good many other folks, he thought that farm work was something which needed no preparation and no study, no practice and no great skill. And he still thinks that, and complains of the wages he was able to earn.

Down here on the Eastern Shore many of us still follow the old custom of feeding our men, and twenty-five cents a day will not feed them very well if we value the food at the cost only of growing it. A few years back I had to get some unemployed city help for picking tomatoes, paying them $2.50 per day with room and board in addition. Several men in the crowd could not pick more than six baskets per day, and I can yet hear the sound of the tomatoes as they were crushed by inexperienced feet. During that same season we had colored farm men working for us who were making $3 per day at 3 cents a basket, were not missing any, and were not putting in any green ones—just the difference between being an experienced farm laborer and being an unemployed city man.

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If our young friend John had stayed for the peach, apple, and pear harvests, he could probably have made a pretty good living. Just one week is not a fair test for inexperienced labor. He should go back for the pruning and other needed work, for the country is lovely and he could make a living, even if he had to live as did the early settlers.

Betterton, Md., October 10 EVELYN HARRIS

For the Persecuted

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Armistice Day is proposed as a fitting time to make a collection for the tragic needs of those who are persecuted in the land against which we fought. The sacrifice of the war dead in their hope for democracy should challenge us to support today those who suffer in Germany for their fidelity to religion, democracy, and peace. Especially does it now seem a duty for world Christendom to take energetic action to counter the age-old recurrence of persecution of Jews; and also to stand by the Christians, pacifists, "non-Aryans," and others who suffer for conscience's sake.

As an immediate step in the world effort which should be made, the Fellowship of Reconciliation is urging that collections be taken in churches and elsewhere between now and Armistice Day. The Fellowship of Reconciliation will distribute, or transmit to competent agencies, such funds as are sent to it. The chairman of its relief committee in Europe is the Reverend F. Siegmund-Schultze, formerly of Berlin, now at the University of Zürich. Gifts may be sent to the Armistice Fund, The Fellowship of Reconciliation, 2929 Broadway, New York City.

New York, October 1

ROBBINS WOLCOTT BARSTOW
HENRY S. COFFIN
EDWARD L. PARSONS
FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL
ERNEST F. TITTLE

Farm Loans

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

My attention has been called to the letter from Mrs. Mary E. Livesey, published in your issue of October 10, in which she complains of the treatment accorded her by the Farm Credit Administration. While Mrs. Livesey is very flattering to me personally, I cannot but take issue with her on her attitude. She does not state all the facts connected with her case. The Farm Credit Administration is doing a very constructive piece of work and has saved thousands of farms from foreclosure. In the period from June 1, 1933, to June 1, 1934, $1,257,000,000 was loaned to farmers through the FCA, and through offices such as mine the indebtedness of farmers has been scaled down to the extent of $39,000,000.

Mrs. Livesey wished to borrow on unimproved land without any farm buildings or dwellings and on land not under cultivation. The Federal Land Bank of Springfield has very wisely made a ruling that it will not make loans on unimproved land, in order to prevent the federal funds appropriated for the purpose of assisting farmers from falling into the hands of real-estate speculators. It does make exception for land not under cultivation, unimproved by buildings, if the land is uninhabitable, such as swamp-land.

JEROME WAXMAN, Secretary-Treasurer,
Landis National Farm Loan Association

Vineland, N. J., October 19

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What are the dangers to an unmarried couple in arousing, but not fulfilling, physical desire?
What problems face young couples who delay marriage for economic reasons?
Is the proportion of illegitimate births increasing despite wider-spread knowledge of contraception?
Is homosexuality common among unmarried women?
Is a marriage in which there has been pre-marital sexual intercourse more likely or is it less likely to go to smash?
When does normal "sex play" impinge upon the abnormal?
What percentage of unmarried persons indulge in auto-erotic practices?
Can fundamental urges be repressed without a deleterious effect on one's personality?
Etc., etc.

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Labor and Industry

Scab City. II

Making Jersey City Safe

By ALFRED H. HIRSCH

ON the outskirts of Jersey City one reads neat road signs: "Make Jersey City the Safest Community in the United States." Perhaps when Steve Bodwich and John Mulally were arrested in the Ukrainian Hall on New Year's Eve, 1931-32, and charged with "collecting funds for children of striking Kentucky miners," this policy was not in operation. In any case, the police entered a private hall where the men were taking a collection by invitation and made the arrests without warrants.

Albert Kovington, Edward Topp, and Cornelius E. Klop, who went to police headquarters to make inquiries about the charges against these men and to have bail set, were given no information and were arrested shortly after leaving police headquarters. It was three days before counsel was able to free the five on writs of habeas corpus. When the cases came up, the prosecution moved for dismissal, since there was no charge against the prisoners. Judge Egan, who recently stated that his views on labor disputes had been "broadened and enlarged," told the defendants to "get out." He added: "The judges will always cooperate with the Jersey City police in keeping the streets of Jersey City clear of trouble-makers."

Frank Hague, perennial Mayor, brooks no opposition—especially at election time. In the 1929 mayoralty campaign he found himself up against an orator by the name of James Burkitt, anti-Hague "Jeffersonian" Democrat, hailing originally from that citadel of freedom, Alabama, but long a resident of Jersey City. Burkitt was arrested many times during the campaign thanks to the convenient Disorderly Persons Act and the cooperation given to the Mayor by the police department. In spite of Burkitt's efforts Hague was reelected, although his majority was considerably smaller than it had been four years before—and smaller also than it was in 1933. Burkitt has since migrated to Chicago, where he is said to hold a political job obtained for him by Jersey City "friends" who were eager to see him settled elsewhere.

One of the two local evening papers broke a long enduring loyalty to the Hague organization by supporting Burkitt throughout the campaign. For a time it lost its theater advertisements, but its owner, Judge Joseph A. Dear, a lay member of the Court of Errors and Appeals, was obdurate. The Hague administration retaliated by printing accounts of "$40-a-day Dear." According to these stories, Judge Dear valued his services to the State at forty dollars a day throughout the court term and including such holidays as Christmas. Besides Mayor Hague, his critics included A. Harry Moore, at that time a former Governor only because of the New Jersey constitutional requirement of an intermission of three years between possible terms. Mr. Moore's ensuing 1931 gubernatorial campaign was successful, and in 1932 he reappointed Judge Dear. Since that time such opposition as the *Jersey Journal* gives to Hague has been ill-defined and takes the form of questioning doubt rather than statement.

Before and during the 1933 mayoralty campaign some forty deputies of the Superintendent of Elections, *all Republicans or anti-Hague Democrats,* were arrested. George Scharmer, for example, was arrested on Election Day after he had objected to certain illegal practices at the polls. The duty of a deputy of the Superintendent of Elections is to enforce proper procedure at the polls. Mr. Scharmer was charged with "interfering with voters" and held for three days with bail set at $3,500. During this time he was unable to communicate with his wife, who was about to be delivered of a child. He was held for the grand jury. No indictment was found against him and he was released.

The day after Scharmer's arrest William Noble, another of the Fusion deputies of the Superintendent of Elections, was arrested as he talked to an employee of the J. W. Greene Company, where he had bought furniture shortly after his marriage in December, 1932. He had previously walked past the Fusion headquarters nearby to see what had happened to it since the elections the day before. He was "just about to talk about the elections" when a Jersey City detective approached and asked: "What are you doing here?" The officer then searched Noble and escorted him to the police station. Here he was subjected to abusive language, during the course of which one of the men said: "I've got a good mind to take you down in the cellar." He was then conducted to another police station where he was fingerprinted and photographed. He was held in jail for three days, but when the case finally came up on May 13 he was immediately discharged. Only the testimony of the man with whom he had been speaking at the time of the arrest saved him from being held on whatever charge the police might have chosen to make against him.

The Mayor seems ruthless. Still, his Republican opponents are not averse to pulling plums out of the public pie whenever they can. One of them, William Sewell, for a number of years held simultaneously the position of counsel to the Republican Bureau of Elections in Jersey City and that of corporation counsel of the city of North Bergen, where his friend and former law associate, Julius Rich, is the Democratic Mayor. He has only recently given up his labors on behalf of North Bergen. Another Republican, Robert O'Brien, formerly an outspoken leader of the opposition, who used to describe the Mayor as one of the "most corrupt men in the country," forgot all his differences with him as soon as he became secretary to the New Jersey State Racing Commission. Since that time his public activities have consisted solely in agitating for the restoration of horse racing in New Jersey.

And neither Hague's staunchest supporters nor Walter Edge's Republican followers have ever disputed the strange friendship existing between these two political enemies. Upon numerous occasions they have been seen emerging wreathed in smiles from private conferences in leading New Jersey hotels.

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The Tammany Hall of Jersey City not only objects to open anti-Hague meetings and activities on the election front, but frowns on all assemblages which might tend to upset the stand-pat functioning of city affairs. It is a law unto itself. Last April Thomas Berry, a lifelong resident of Jersey City and a representative of the newly formed Civil Works Association, made up of relief workers who had CWA jobs, hired a hall and arranged for speakers to address this organization. On the night of the meeting, April 16, police were stationed at the door of the hall barring entrance. The next day a committee from the Civil Works Association called on John Malone, deputy Mayor, to protest and were told by him that if they wanted to hold another meeting they "would have to see the chief of police for a permit." Every time they approached the owner of a hall they learned that they could engage it only upon presentation of a police permit. On May 4 Berry, accompanied by George B. O'Neill, an investigator for the American Civil Liberties Union, went to the Bergen Lyceum to attempt to rent the hall. A policeman stopped them and O'Neill was ordered out of town. Berry was warned by the officer that he would lose his relief job. Finally the American Civil Liberties Union, which had contracted to supply speakers to the Civil Works Association for several meetings, succeeded in renting a hall for May 24. It was informed by the police that this meeting would be broken up, and together with the Civil Works Association it instituted injunction proceedings against Mayor Hague and Director of Public Safety Thomas Wolfe.

An immediate hearing was held before Vice-Chancellor John O. Bigelow. At this hearing the Jersey City authorities, through counsel, promised not to interfere with the coming meeting. In view of this promise A. J. Isserman, counsel for the complainants, agreed not to press the suit on the assurance from the court that he could renew the application at any time if there was interference with any future meetings. He further insisted in open court upon the right of his clients to criticize freely the conduct of the police and other Jersey City officials. Protected by these pending proceedings, several meetings were held without interference.

But the struggle against such tactics is not always so successful. Albert Hoffman, Communist candidate for the New Jersey Assembly in 1932, was arrested on July 9 of that year two blocks from the police station, immediately after he had called at the station to get permission to hold a Communist meeting in a private hall. He was unable to get counsel to apply for a writ of habeas corpus until July 15. On that very day the hearing came up and he was immediately discharged. Needless to add, there was no meeting.

Although in most communities the charge of vagrancy signifies that the suspect has no local residence, this is not the case in Jersey City, for on April 20, 1932, Joseph Greenberg was arrested for distributing leaflets and indicted as a "vagrant *living at* 109 Wayne Street, Jersey City." Greenberg, as a matter of fact, had lived at this address for fifteen years and the property was owned by his parents. He had been distributing leaflets issued by the International Labor Defense, an organization which is not popular with the Jersey City officials. He was given a ninety-day sentence. His parents then obtained new counsel who promised to free him without appeal. Greenberg was released but placed on probation for two years.

Nor is free speech the concern of the Jersey City autocracy. Morris Langer, a leader of the Needle Trades Workers' Industrial Union who was murdered by thugs in 1933 in Chatham, New Jersey, was given a sentence of thirty days on April 16, 1931, because on April 9, at a street-corner meeting he "did utter loud and offensive language, to wit, 'Down with the A. F. of L'." Upon appeal to the Hudson County Court of Common Pleas, the case was thrown out by Judge Thomas H. Brown, who ruled that there was "no violation of any act." Jersey City police are noted for stopping cars, searching and questioning all occupants, and arresting them "on suspicion." Four men, Minerich, Borich, Rivers, and Carethers, the last two of them Negroes, were arrested in Jersey City when they asked the way to the Holland Tunnel on October 15, 1933. All four were miners and left-wing union leaders from Pittsburgh and West Virginia who were going to New York to attend a meeting. Two days after the arrests an attorney asked the desk sergeant what had happened to these men and was informed that they had been arraigned the day before and were out on bail. The lawyer was not satisfied with this answer, and upon further questioning found that all four were still incarcerated. They were released on October 18 on bail of $1,000 each, charged with "being in an auto, and having no legitimate business in Jersey City," in accordance with a law enacted in 1933. They were subsequently convicted and sentenced to ninety days.

Shortly before, on September 17, 1933, Alexander Ivanoff, organizer of the Shoe Workers' Industrial Union (since amalgamated with some independent unions into the United Shoe and Leather Workers' Union), and three others were going to a meeting during a strike against the I. Miller Company. They were arrested en route and charged with "being unable to give a good account of their presence in Jersey City" and "with having no legitimate business in Jersey City." The arresting officer testified that Ivanoff and the others had admitted they were going to a union meeting. He did not consider this legitimate business. The court agreed with the policeman and sentenced the four men to six months each on the basis of the 1933 law which had led to the conviction of Minerich and his companions. They were released on $1,000 bail pending appeal. Their attorney meanwhile presented arguments against the constitutionality of this law. The Supreme Court of New Jersey finally ruled it unconstitutional, and the cases against Ivanoff, Minerich, Borich, Rivers, Carethers, and many others were thrown out.

The action of the New Jersey Supreme Court constituted no redress since the arrests had hampered the strike. This was the aim of the New Jersey authorities, as the following statement, quoted from the *Jersey Journal* of the day after the Supreme Court decision, makes plain: "The high court decision upsetting conviction under the 1933 Disorderly Persons Act will not deter Director of Public Safety Thomas J. Wolfe in his determination to enforce the provision of that act to keep gangsters and *undesirables* [my emphasis, A. H. H.] out of Jersey City, he declared today."

Back in October, 1931, plain-clothes men entered the Royal Spa restaurant and asked Irving Danovitz, an employee, to come out with them. He was forced into a waiting car, where the men proceeded to beat him. Danovitz was unaware that these men were detectives and therefore called for aid. The police who arrived recognized his captors as detectives of the Jersey City Police Department, and he was taken to the police station, "pummeled, beaten, and clubbed

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all the way down," and "yanked out bodily" upon arrival. Here he was "cuffed around and beaten for about half an hour." He was then fingerprinted and placed in a cell without the opportunity of notifying anyone until hours had passed. He was completely unaware of the charge against him until, just before he was put in a cell, he "heard the detectives tell one of the superior officers at the police station that he was one of a crowd who had been running a gambling place." Danovitz had had no connection either direct or indirect with any establishment of this description and had never been convicted of any charge or even arrested before. No complaint was brought against him and he was released.

Jersey City, where reporters have difficulty in seeing police blotters, where public financial hearings result in assaults as criticism is gagged, where all arrested individuals are fingerprinted regardless of the charge against them, must be made the "safest community in the United States." Does it matter that cars are stopped because they carry Negroes, or contain men wearing caps? Does it matter that the occupants are jailed? Is Mayor Hague, whom Joshua Ringle, Republican, in a "build-up" statement for his party issued on June 28, 1934, calls the banker of "the firm of Kelly, Milton, and Hague," the insurance man of "the firm of Armstrong, Milton, and Hague," the lawyer of "the firm of Milton and Hague," the partner in the garbage-removal business of "the firm of Scatuorchio, Malone, and Hague," to be allowed to run the city, with the help of the night stick and at the expense of all who oppose him? Is picketing to be classed as "interference with any person or persons lawfully being upon the streets or public places"?

The campaign of the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union and supporting organizations to uphold the simple rights of workers to organize, to strike, and to picket can be the first blow struck for decent conditions of labor and for the constitutional rights of those who happen to pass through the City of Perpetual Arrests.

[*This is the second of two articles on the policies of Mayor Hague in respect to the rights of labor, free speech, and other important questions. The first appeared in last week's issue.*]

Contributors to This Issue

T. A. Bisson is the Far Eastern expert on the research staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

M. Slade Kendrick is assistant professor of economics and rural economy at Cornell University.

Avis D. Carlson is the wife of a Wichita attorney. She has written for *Harper's*, the *North American Review*, and other magazines.

Alfred H. Hirsch is secretary of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners.

Hans Christian is the pseudonym of a Milwaukee newspaperman.

Louis Kronenberger has edited an anthology of light verse which will be published this winter.

Lionel Abel has contributed to *Pagany*, the *New World Monthly*, and other literary periodicals.

Robert Morse, a New York artist, has written art criticism for the *Symposium*.

Roberts Tapley is the author of "Harm's Way."

Kohler Wins

By HANS CHRISTIAN

THE Wisconsin labor movement received a disheartening setback when an A. F. of L. union lost an election to the Kohler Company union. The Kohler strike received the personal attention of William Green, and once again he permitted himself to be cajoled and compromised into defeat. Leading up to the strike was a year of delays and evasions by State and national compliance boards in the face of Kohler's open defiance—delays too easily accepted by the union. More than a year ago it had a membership of 1,850 out of 2,500 workers. In the election it received only 643 to 1,063 unchallenged votes.

In fairness it should be stressed that the union tackled a large job. It worked in virgin soil, with men who had grown up in the tradition of the divine right of the boss; it not only opposed one of the most impregnable open shops in the country, but in so doing it left itself wide open to assault by public opinion. Again, it could not help the fact that the National Labor Board in one breath held Kohler guilty of violating the Recovery Act, and in the next allowed his company union to enter an election on equal terms with the labor union. The strike leaders, moreover, were unaware that the name of the company union would actually appear on the ballot until they saw it in printed form. The A. F. of L. should never have allowed its members to vote on such a ballot, but again it showed its "good-will."

The labor leaders could not prevent Kohler, secure behind the barricades that surrounded the village and plant, from resuming operation several weeks before the election. There is little doubt which way the several hundred carefully picked men who got jobs voted. Within the armed fort a daily routine of half work, half picnic went on. Lollipops and cigarettes were showered on the loyal employees. Nothing was too good for them. Kohler shops became for a brief time what they had been before in the popular imagination.

By chance, the election date fell two weeks after that on which 250 men had been laid off in the pottery department, the men who formed the backbone of the labor union. The union's four checkers challenged those of the 2,228 rapidly moving voters that they happened to know were ineligible. Among them were not only all the office employees, many of the executives, all the foremen and supervisors, draftsmen, and shop clerks, but also chambermaids and porters from the company's dormitory for single workers, Kohler's private gardeners, employees of Kohler Village, a game warden from a distant park, an aviator and mechanic from the Kohler airport, and stable boys from the Kohler private estate. The union challenged 368 voters; how many slipped by is unknown. The company challenged 185 on the ground of strike violence though not a single arrest was made during the strike.

The election result was obviously embarrassing to the two Labor Board judges. Somehow nothing seemed settled. The strike continued. The full rancor left by the massacre persisted. Kohler remained the aloof paternal dictator who issued terse, legalistic statements. The 643 who voted against the company union appear to have forfeited forever their chances of a job at Kohler.

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Books and Drama

It's Fun to Be Immortal

Resurrection. By William Gerhardi. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ABOUT ten years ago Mr. Gerhardi published a delightful and successful novel called "Futility," which all its readers still remember. Nothing else one-half so good has come out of his irresponsible imagination until the present sparkling book, concerning which, nevertheless, a warning is necessary. Before three pages have been passed one finds oneself murmuring the name of Proust and remarking with an air of great penetration that the author is apparently doing the same thing with the methods and themes of the Frenchman that he formerly did with those of the great Russians, whose tradition he perverted to the uses of impudent comedy. So indeed he is; but from page ten on he acknowledges Proust as his master, and it is a bit disconcerting to be told straight out what one had just congratulated oneself upon divining. An advertising man would know better than to offend the reader's *amour propre* in this cruel fashion, but it is impossible to remain angry very long with anyone as debonair as Mr. Gerhardi, whose flow of animal spirits and whose inexhaustible torrent of small talk may be guaranteed to charm anyone not armed beforehand with an unalterable opposition to frivolity in any form.

He tells us, to be sure, that he is not being frivolous, that "Resurrection" is not a spoof. There is even a note on the fly-leaf to assure us that the experience of which the book treats "is, incredible as it may seem, a true experience." Mr. Gerhardi really had determined to write a book which should do for his own life what "Remembrance of Things Past" had done for Proust's. He really had become convinced that life was nothing until it was over and that experience was meaningless until it had been all gathered together in that eternity of art where all is simultaneous. What is still more important, he really did come to himself one morning to discover that some sort of astral double was wandering freely away from the body lying inert on the bed, and by this experience he really did reach the joyous conviction not only that man is immortal in a literal sense, but also that he will spend at least a part of his eternity in contemplating his life as a work of art.

Perhaps we had better give Mr. Gerhardi the benefit of the doubt. On the evening after the Great Discovery he went to a dinner party, and when in all solemnity he announced to his partner, "We do not die," the only response he got was "Pf!" It would be too bad if readers and critics should treat a serious testament with similar irreverence, but one thing is certain. However solemn Mr. Gerhardi may think he is being, ultimate seriousness is not within the pleasant limitations of his nature, and the whole adventure emerges from the telling as a sort of polite farce. In the first place, the past which he recaptures centers around the misadventures which arose on the occasion when he went to North Africa determined to renounce the world in company with a beautiful Arab wife whom no one seemed able to supply. In the second place, his style perpetually turns into a graceful parody of Proust, whether that is what he intends it to be or not. Take, for example, the passage describing the state of one's spirits on arriving at a dinner party:

> In these first twenty minutes before going in to dinner social courage is at its lowest ebb. . . . At this initial stage, blurred by the light of chandeliers, feeling like an asylum inmate led up with feeble grin and guilty step by a kindly nurse for inspection by earlier arrivals, already leaning back, grasping firmly their glass of sherry, against the huge chimney piece and, you think, surveying you with malignant curiosity; led up before strange women who smile tentatively, and suddenly, as if on second thought, offer you their hand just the moment you have withdrawn your own—at this first moment of arrival the late guest is in a greater state of aberration than either before or since. He cannot . . . cast a stern gleam of scorn at the company and shout, "Cads and humbugs!" He cannot, because he does not know which are the cads and which the humbugs.

Or, more characteristic still, the following from the account of the ball:

> Suddenly a fat old butler in knee-britches ran across the whole length of a ballroom with a preoccupied air on his face, stopping the band and automatically, as the music stopped, clearing a center path all the length of the ballroom. There appeared, as if to justify the working of cause and effect, though as in the case of other natural phenomena, such as thunder and lightning, we had seen the effect before the cause—there appeared on the threshold a royal pair.

The rhythm of the sentences is as unmistakably Proustian as the subject matter, but one may still wonder if the latter of the two passages, especially, is deliberate parody or a sincere imitation, which, because of the man behind the style, becomes willy-nilly a burlesque even more delicate and more accomplished than the literary burlesques of Max Beerbohm. In "Futility" one was aware of a similar phenomenon. The book was a Russian novel in which the parody was in part deliberate and in part a result of the fact that the author's temperament made it inevitable that he should see in terms of comedy what had been mystery and terror to others. From "Resurrection" one gets even more strongly the same impression. Mr. Gerhardi cannot be serious no matter how hard he tries. Even on the subject of immortality he cannot be other than exuberant and gay. Temperament always wins the victory over conviction, and if he is not consciously spoofing his audience, then he is unconsciously spoofing himself. In any event "Resurrection" is delightful entertainment—frothy with the froth generated by a quick, restless, and genuine intelligence which is geared to nothing and so spins round and round until it has beaten up everything into a foam which weighs nothing yet sparkles with a thousand lights. Mr. Gerhardi may not be the man to restore the world's lost faith in immortality, but he has an unfailing vivacity and he is—no matter what he may say—perpetually and contagiously pleased with everything, including (especially) himself.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mr. Saroyan's Performance

The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, and Other Stories. By William Saroyan. Random House. $2.50.

MR. SAROYAN has been blown toward us all of a sudden, and the shock of his personality doesn't leave one in the best position for looking into his character. A vivid personality he has beyond question. Indeed, he himself has a talent for the trapeze, he more than any other new writer of the past few years is a definite "performer"; and the real problem he presents is whether he will go on swinging in the circus, or will step down to solid earth.

At the moment Mr. Saroyan is most of the things a serious artist is not. He is an exhibitionist, a verbalist, a poseur, a nose-thumber, a prima donna, and a victim of genius mania. Those are harsh words to throw, in place of a helping hand, to a newcomer; but if the one other thing Mr. Saroyan happens to be—a young writer with talent—is to survive, they must be

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thrown. He is up to his neck at present in cleverness, and if he persists in being so clever he will end as either a fifth-rater or a bore. On the strength of this particular book I suspect he will become, to his great disadvantage, a fad.

The pieces included here are not, for the most part, stories, but personal essays. Time and again Saroyan begins a story, suggests its theme, introduces its people, insists that "humanity" or "brotherhood" is all that interests him in composition, and then jauntily digresses to talk about himself. Suddenly he recalls he is writing a story and hastens to resume telling it; but once again Saroyan gets in Saroyan's way, and the story is forgotten. There have been, of course, writers who triumphed using the discursive method; but they wrote with a tact, a canniness, a wealth of background which Saroyan hasn't got. There are also plenty of writers who talk largely about themselves. But those who are successful at it are honest and, in the profoundest sense, consistent. Saroyan, on the one hand, postures, and, on the other, invents a new self for every other story. He is not yet in a position to be effectively autobiographical because his personality is not yet integrated.

At his worst he writes things like the unpardonable preface to the book, the windy The Big Tree Coming, the banal Dear Greta Garbo, the trivial A Curved Line. Such things must be wholly stricken out. At other times a sincere impulse toward self-expression has produced exercises which are part of every writer's apprenticeship but which ought never to see the light of day. It is in a few other stories, some of them lamed by Saroyan's attitudinizing and lack of restraint, some of them disfigured by faulty structure and lack of the long breath, but each of them rich in personal expression and vigor of writing and remembering, that a recognizable talent emerges. One knows, at least, that one has met a fresh mind and style in such a story as Seventy Thousand Assyrians. And one knows, with some but much less pleasure, that one has come upon real cleverness in Harry and Fight Your Own War.

The future Saroyan will find it relatively easy to follow the tack indicated in Harry. He will find it harder to follow the tack indicated in Seventy Thousand Assyrians. But it is only along the latter line that he shows any promise of becoming a sound writer; and even then he must scrap his present pile of non-essentials, harness the ego to the universe, and disdain in himself much that he disdains so haughtily in others.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Mr. Frank's Seriousness

The Death and Birth of David Markand. By Waldo Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

MR. FRANK is only incidentally a novelist. Technical problems of the novelist's art he has simply ignored; dramatic invention is not at all his forte; it is sufficient for him that the emotions of his characters are made known to the reader. To say that the language fails in precision and force, that the action falls in with mechanical facility to what the author requires, that the emotions are often spun out of the conventional and the unreal, that in short the novel, *qua* novel, is blunderingly made, to say all this is neither to exhaust the defects of Mr. Frank's work nor to criticize it on the basis of what it pretends to be. "The Death and Birth of David Markand" does not pretend to be a work of art but rather a work of *seriousness,* belonging to a genre that is peculiar to Mr. Frank.

The story is concerned with one David Markand, a wealthy business man with a disinclination for affairs and a vague desire for higher values of some sort. To distinguish this desire from the more commonplace lust for culture Mr. Frank is careful to present Markand as an anti-literate man ill at ease in his wife's library of Bergson, Freud, James, and so on. Markand's wife is converted to Catholicism, and in a curious state of jealousy he leaves her and his job. Wandering over America, he comes in contact with almost every social expression of the America of 1913—the I. W. W. movement, the poetry renascence in Chicago, the beginnings of experimental education, the Farmer-Laborites, and finally the growing Marxian revolutionary party. In all his wanderings Markand goes from confusion to confusion, until he stumbles upon the Marxists. From them he gains his first insight into what is the matter with society and with himself. He is reborn and made fit for a revolutionary sense of values.

The scenes in which the Southern miners are duped by the governor of the State, in which the Wobblies discuss their strike tactic, the poets' revelations to the Chicago elite, are well handled, and for all their reportorial simplicity are more moving than anything else in the book. But Mr. Frank's disregard for craftsmanship has a disastrous consequence. Few readers will be convinced that David Markand deserves to be reborn. In his pursuit of values Markand meets a good many women, and most of them go to bed with him. Chorus girls, daughters of millionaires, school teachers, waitresses, all want to sleep with Markand. Whether Mr. Frank's purpose was to show that a man without a sense of values will live exclusively on his sex, I cannot say, for each *amour* of Markand is described in such physical detail, his sensations in the arms of each successive woman are recounted with such lyrical completeness, that one becomes convinced that Mr. Frank approves his protagonist's technique of orientation. The effect is incredibly blurred. Some readers will be justified in considering Markand a clown tramping the sexual road to values, and I can imagine a sexualist putting down Mr. Frank's book encouraged to take himself more seriously and to ascribe his sexual availability to a desire for truth—a comic effect for so serious an effort, and demonstrating that a disregard for craftsmanship is ultimately a disregard for reality.

Apparently, in the genre of the "serious," reality plays a subsidiary role. "But now the slave need not be other men: need not be ourselves, for other men are ourselves." These words coming from John Byrne, a revolutionary Marxist, ring false. It is all very well for Markand, who seems to share most of his creator's philosophical prejudices, to cry out in delirium: "There's no need in dying. I am the raper and the killer. . . . We are all one. What we do to each other we do to ourselves. That way we can bear to live." But to make a Marxist express one of Mr. Frank's pet idealist sentimentalisms, when suspicion of such lofty verbiage is practically an obsession among Marxists, is, to put it mildly, tampering with reality at the very point where even the novelist has no rights. A novelist has the right to invent as much as he pleases; he can make his characters of any emotional substance he likes, he can project dramatic situations in which their philosophies, even political, are absurdly unrelated to the facts they face. He can show, for example, a Marxian revolutionist in a situation in which he would be much better off if he believed in absolute idealism. He can show how by persevering in his philosophy the Marxist would suffer, comically or tragically. If he did so the reader might be stimulated to pity or laughter, and to a sense that no philosophy is absolute and that when men adhere to a philosophy they must risk their joy and dignity. This is the method of dramatic art, and the only objection to employing it is that it requires a serious and resourceful talent. Mr. Frank no doubt has other objections to this method, which should not prevent us from objecting to what he has done. For what purpose could Mr. Frank have had in making a Marxist express anti-Marxist notions which are also the notions of Mr. Frank? Only, I submit, the most personal of purposes, utterly irrelevant

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to any aesthetic or philosophic aim. And it is a shabby trick to play on a fictitious character incapable of defending his honesty against his creator.

The truth of the matter is that there is no such genre as the *serious*. Mr. Frank's seriousness amounts to nothing more than a passionate conviction that life must be taken seriously. But to take life seriously, just as to take it trivially, in a real way, one must have a technique. Mr. Frank has no technique. He is neither a Marxist nor a subscriber to the total Mind, to speak philosophically. He is neither an inventor in dramatic art nor humbly obedient to its laws. His seriousness is thus only a fury to philosophize. And every freshman in philosophy knows the fury to philosophize, and no one knows it better than the freshman.

LIONEL ABEL

Van Gogh as Hero

Lust for Life. By Irving Stone. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

THE eccentric and dismal events of Vincent Van Gogh's life have too often aroused the thwarted novelist in art critics. Such men as Thomas Craven betray an odd delight in the Grand Guignol for its own sake. They gloat over the severed ear, the exaggerated passions, the epileptic seizures of that sick and maladjusted man. Even worse, they allow their own tragic words to infect their criticism of Van Gogh's painting. Mr. Stone, I take it, is a novelist. From a novelist one might have hoped for a dispassionate and honest attempt to clarify and explain the behavior of an extremely interesting human being. During the first part of Mr. Stone's book I felt that some such clarification was perhaps his goal. He contrives to make Vincent's reactions among the coal miners fairly plausible and really moving. But as page after page went by, planted with incredibly heavy ironies, I began to suspect that Mr. Stone had fallen into the old attitude of unquestioning sentimental identification with his hero. Any person who enters the novel unfortunate enough to prefer the clothes of average decency to little rabbit-skin hats and laborers' denim is immediately hooted out of countenance with muted jeers. My objection to this attitude of "They were all out of step but Jim" is simply that it is unfair to Van Gogh. No truth can come out of this refusal to judge. How much more penetrating and serious a study might be made of Van Gogh by a writer less willing to accept a sort of mystical rightness in all his actions.

Almost in spite of Mr. Stone I found myself sympathizing with the charming girl who fled from Van Gogh's advances crying, "No, never, never!" For Van Gogh emerges as one of those anti-social monsters born into civilization to their own misery and the acute discomfort of all around them. Their emotions, however sincere and disarmingly noble, have no brakes such as usually restrain individuals better adjusted to society. They are so egocentric that to conceive of the probable reactions of their fellows is an impossibility for them.

That Van Gogh's inability to form any graceful human relation stemmed from this want of imagination in regard to others Mr. Stone shows clearly, but he somehow implies it is the fault of the others. Of course it is usual to bring forward the artist's genius as an excuse for any defection from civilized standards. "Lust for Life" sounds again and again the note that all artists are mad. The greatest have not found sanity incompatible with creation, but have rather transcended by lucidity and a kind of *knowingness*. Yet it is impossible not to sympathize with this distorted and gifted man. The mere outline of his awkward way through the world is full of moving implications, implications of the grandeur and absurdity of human feeling and conduct, of the inevitable struggle of the individual to survive in any social system. No one could read "Lust for Life" unmoved; but because the theme itself is so essentially serious, one must resent certain phases of Mr. Stone's approach that are belittling to it. I refer particularly to an episode in which he causes an imaginary woman to appear before Vincent in long white robes and sandals, like some creature out of Arthur B. Davies. She tells him her name is Maya, that she has always been with him and watched over him and loved him. She tells him he is beautiful because his soul is beautiful. But she does not stop there.

> "Kiss me, Vincent," she said.
>
> He kissed her on the mouth. Her lips were no longer cool. They lay side by side in the rich, crumbly loam. The woman kissed his eyes, his ears, the nostrils of his nose, the declivity of his upper lip, bathed the inside of his mouth with her sweet soft tongue, ran her fingers . . .

Whether or not this episode is intended as a lyrical short-cut to something Mr. Stone was too lazy to work out in fact, it is inexcusably silly. Fortunately it falls far below the level of the rest of the book.

Mr. Stone apparently does not conceal a thwarted art critic under the novelist. There are whole pages of conversation like excerpts from some Introduction to Modern Art. When he describes a painting he is usually content to indicate the subject, some of the colors, or perhaps to say it reeks of bacon, smoke, and potato steam. I do not mean to suggest that he should have done more than this. Too much about the pictures would have impeded his real theme. But he implies that the paintings are good, and I agree with him.

ROBERT MORSE

Apotheosis of a Heroine

A World in Birth. By Romain Rolland. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

"A WORLD IN BIRTH" is the last of the five volumes of the cycle known as "The Soul Enchanted." In its six hundred pages Rolland attempts an apotheosis of his heroine, the "soul enchanted." Annette aids and abets a number of younger people in their random struggles for very ill-defined ends. She witnesses the murder of her son in a brawl with Italian Fascists. She encourages another youth to throw his life away in a gesture equally futile but even more poetical. And, finally, she convinces herself that, dying at a ripe age of angina, she is "taking her share in the holocaust of her sons." Of course everyone dies sooner or later of one disease or another, if not by some grosser folly, but it seems not unlikely that Ananias and Saphira, as well as Dr. Arnold of Rugby and Romain Rolland's Annette, incurred the "martyrdom" of angina. Rolland shuts his eyes to such possibilities. His "moral nobility," as he says of one of his characters, obscures his sight. Rolland's treatment of birth is as unrealistic as his treatment of death. There is Julian, for instance. Julian wanted to marry Annette but his family wouldn't let him. So he married somebody else. Yet when his wife had a child he was sure—and Rolland is equally sure—that this daughter resembled Annette. "He recognized certain details imperceptible to other eyes, a downy shadow at the corner of the lips, the carriage of the neck, the pronounciation of certain consonants, remarks she had made, and God knows what else!" God, indeed, must have taken a hand, or the father of all unreality! Such absurdities would not matter if Rolland would confine himself to romance and stop bothering about the world. But when he declares that all the sorrow of Annette's life "had been the angle of inflection of the forward march of Destiny," we may naturally wish there should be no weak links in the chain of his logic and no flaws in his major assumptions.

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Remembering Rolland's popularity as a novelist and the reverence that has been accorded him as a prophet, one is shocked by the windy vacuity of this volume, its deficiency as a tract, and its utter failure as fiction. A propagandist should be more statistical. A novelist should be less abstract; he should have more detailed information and should give a more vivid account of particular cases and of particular scenes. It is not enough to say that a husband and wife were estranged by "a consciousness of the social uselessness of their lives." An author who has a hundred and fifty pages to devote to such an episode might certainly be more dramatic. And if a marriage can be undermined by such a consciousness of social uselessness, then why bring in a banal seduction? One has difficulty in submitting to the leadership of a mind in which the reiteration of opinion takes the place of information and evidence—a mind, furthermore, which after many years of apprenticeship has failed to develop or forgotten how to display the most elementary skill in the use of its chosen medium, the method of fiction.

ROBERTS TAPLEY

Catholic Family Portrait

The Anteroom. By Kate O'Brien. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

TWO years ago Miss O'Brien's first novel, "Without My Cloak," won the Hawthornden prize and achieved a notable success. It was a livelier piece of work than "The Anteroom," with a larger cast moving on a wider stage. But the purity of style, the subtlety of characterization, the fine sensitiveness that made "Without My Cloak" so satisfying and unusual a first performance have no less scope in the more restricted area and quieter key of this second novel.

She has adopted in "The Anteroom" a time-device which lends to it from beginning to end an intensity subdued by grief, a general suspense beneath which individual dramas proceed. The Mulqueens, cousins of the Considines of "Without My Cloak," and like them a Catholic family of wealth and position, are gathered at the house where Teresa Mulqueen, the mother, lies dying of cancer. An English specialist who happens to be in the country is brought down to pronounce on the question of one more operation, and on the day before his arrival the patient's brother, Father Tom Considine, comes to hold Mass for the household at her bedside. The entire action of the novel takes place within these two days, the Eve of All Saints' and the Feast of All Saints, and the one following, the Feast of All Souls. Gathered in "the anteroom," waiting for the verdict, which apart from their common emotion affects them and their lives all differently, Teresa's children see their lives also come to a climax during this period. While the mother prepares to die, they, watching in pain for her, have to solve the problems which make it hard for them, individually, to live.

The narrowness of her chosen framework compels Miss O'Brien to a neatness of plot which is not always credible. Her portraiture, too, is more sketchy throughout than it was in the earlier novel. Yet her characters have life, within the limits she has set them, and charm. And the setting of "The Anteroom" permits her to convey with delicacy, sympathy, and objectiveness the living reality of Catholic faith in which such families as the Mulqueens exist.

R. S. ALEXANDER

In next week's issue Maxwell S. Stewart will review "Russia's Iron Age," by William Henry Chamberlin.

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Shorter Notices

My Shadow as I Pass. By Sybil Bolitho. The Viking Press. $2.50.

To those who knew him even slightly, William Bolitho was a strange and fascinating man. Fire burned somewhere in him, the fire, probably, of a passionate intelligence, an inexhaustible curiosity about life. Every experience that he had he must have looked at freshly, as if no other man had ever had a similar experience before. The world to him was a great jigsaw puzzle that he had to put together anew every day, and the zeal that he brought to the task was evident in every word he wrote. It is a tribute to his widow, writing, in this book, the story of their love affair and marriage, that she communicates this quality to the reader. And she communicates, too, her grief at his death in a meaningless accident, and her feeling of being more dead than he, and lost in a world without him. She has written a little idyl of love and grief, indeed, and only her rather hysterical literary style keeps the book from being as impressive as it should be. For it is a curious paradox of writing that passionate feeling can be expressed more passionately by understatement than by exclamation marks. Both Mrs. Bolitho and her readers were let down by the want of a judicious editorial blue pencil.

D Is for Dutch. By Thames Williamson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Here is an extraordinary thing—a novel by a highly educated American which manages to catch all the bareness and melodramatic horror of a folk tale or a ballad. Its hero, Herman Bauer, was a stolid, hard-working, Pennsylvania Dutch farmer until in an old trunk in an attic he found his mother's powwow book. His mother had been a kindly woman who used her lore to cure her ailing neighbors, but the book worked both ways, for good and evil. Bitten by lust and greed, fascinated by the power he felt in himself, Herman began to powwow for his own ends. A neighbor whose farm Herman coveted was sick of parrot fever, and when his wife, a loose, pretty woman, called Herman in to cure him, Herman determined to hex him to his death. From that moment horrors rush on swiftly, too swiftly for Herman himself to comprehend. His power turns him into a satanic figure, but Satan's boots are too large for him. Half a spectator and half a blind actor, Herman sees the neighbor die, finds himself in love with the wife, and plans to kill his own comfortable, broad-hipped Katy, that he may marry her. But here the powwow book fails him. His hexing frightens the light-headed widow into suicide, and Herman, his magic drained out of him, is forced to go on with his daily life, living on his dead neighbor's rich farm with Katy, who knows that he meant to kill her. This fearful, half-supernatural tale is told with incisiveness and skill. Mr. Williamson has used the curious dialect of the Pennsylvania Dutch to enormous advantage. The simplicity of his style is the simplicity of their speech. Not for a moment is the reader pulled away from the isolated, archaic world of these superstitious farmers. Mr. Williamson himself has been completely absorbed by his material.

Babouk. By Guy Endore. The Vanguard Press. $2.

With Babouk, the African Negro who has another name in history, as his hero, Mr. Endore has reconstructed the story of the eighteenth-century slave trade, of life on a plantation in Haiti, and of the great rebellion which Toussaint L'Ouverture led. The method is, somewhat too obviously, satirical, and the final chapter indicates his real thesis, the slavery of all men under capitalism. It is evident that Mr. Endore spent much

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time in research. He has delved into old letters, diaries, and account books. But his imagination has not fused his material into dramatic fiction. Probably he has too many purposes in mind. He would analyze the psychology of these slaves, describe their lives and customs, and probe their inarticulateness. He would present facts, and he would also throw into satirical contrast the lives of the African slaves and those of the white planters and make it quite evident that the desire for profit destroys all human decency. He is best at describing pictorial scenes—of Negro dances, of the stupid displays of white wealth, and finally of the horrors of the rebellion. Babouk is not the center of the story as he should be. He is merely one of a good many figures who happen to hold the stage. The book is full, as a diary or notebook might be, of interesting facts, observations, and descriptions. But it lacks narrative continuity and dramatic value; it also lacks consistency of tone. And the last chapter, in which the revolutionary theme, the denunciation of capitalism as slavery, is written down, is bad writing, almost fake poetry.

Drama

Mr. O'Casey's Charade

THE American public was not left unprepared for "Within the Gates" by Sean O'Casey. A few Sundays ago the author explained through the columns of the New York *Times* just how his play was to be taken and just why it was great. Now the program at the National Theater contains an insert in which the symbolism is reexplained for the benefit of those who did not hear him the first time, and, on the whole, the press at least has responded to these promptings with gratifying unanimity. "Within the Gates" was received with more wholehearted salvos of critical approval than have fallen to the lot of any very pretentious play seen here in years.

Any tendency on my part to moderate my transports will be taken, I fear, as sheer perversity. My colleagues will set it down to a desire to be different; but they will be wrong if they do. I went with no more trepidations than one usually feels on an occasion for which much has been promised, and I sat with suspended judgment through the whole of the first scene, in which the Atheist pursues God, the Young Whore looks for Joy, and the Bishop tries to get in touch with the Common People. I thought, as the author had bid me do, about the triviality of the contemporary theater, about the greatness of the ancient morality plays, and about our need to recapture in art as in life some sense of the pain and the ecstasy and the greatness of human existence. But so far as I was concerned, it was, frankly, no go. The declamation and the gestures remained merely declamation and gestures. The poetry and the symbolism seemed merely well intentioned and, for the most part, in reasonably good taste. But "Within the Gates" did not seem really to earn the title of either poetic drama or genuinely illuminating allegory. On the contrary it remained only (to use in a specific sense Mr. Woollcott's favorite synonym for the drama in all its forms) a charade—grave, elaborate, and doubtless the product of genuine emotion but, so far as expression is concerned, merely a charade nevertheless.

One difficulty is either that I do not know what Mr. O'Casey is driving at or, as seems to me more probable, that I know only too well. Either some Message to which I am unfortunately not attuned is cunningly hidden beneath a mass of conventional, rather adolescent verbiage or the author is merely saying at great length and with the intense air of a discoverer what we have all said about Life when the mood was upon us. Spring is mighty, love is sweet, and (to give the author's idea the benefit of just that sort of distinguished utterance he himself so sadly lacks) the world belongs "to him whose strenuous tongue can crush joy's grape against his palate fine."

That youth knows the secret which age has forgotten, that priests are cowards, and that prudent men are dumb cattle—this and all the rest that goes with it may be either a romantic notion or it may be, as I do solemnly believe, the greatest and most important of truths. But though the great and simple commonplaces are the best subjects for the greatest art, they are also the most difficult, and to repeat them in the form of direct generalities is to challenge immediate comparison with the finest utterance of the race which has known them and used them since it first lisped in numbers. This comparison Mr. O'Casey, like all but one in ten million, is far from meeting. His theme is the theme which the public always thinks about when it hears the word "poetry"; perhaps it is, indeed, something about as near as one could get to a common denominator for all poets. But the whole of his feeling and expression is oddly undifferentiated from the common denominator as such. He seems to have no tone, no accent, no gesture of his own. He is merely resolutely poetic. Nor can one fail to be struck by the lesson contained in the fact that an author whose style and manner is so individual when he writes in his semi-realistic plays about specific characters in specific situations should so completely lose all distinction of language when he turns to the more completely abstract.

Consider, to take a single example, the central character who appears as the Dreamer—surely the most hackneyed of all poetic symbols. Or consider a brief excerpt from the author's own gloss upon his personages:

> The Dreamer, a symbol of a noble restlessness and discontent; of the stir in life that brings to birth new things and greater things than those that were before; of the power to realize that the urge of life is above the level of conventional morality; of ruthlessness to get near to the things that matter, and sanctify them with intelligence, energy, gracefulness, and song; of rebellion against stupidity . . .

That is a large as well as an admirable program, a good deal for one symbol to hold. But the language which the personage speaks, like the language in which he is described, has that same undistinguished, undifferentiated character referred to above. There is nothing to set the language apart, no evidence that it has been minted anew. This is only the raw material of a kind of poetry common to all of us who feel so freshly what comes out of us so tamely, and who know from that very tameness of our utterance that we are not poets. And what is true of the language seems to me to be very largely true of the play as a whole. The purpose is laudable and deserves whatever praises and encouragement laudable purpose may deserve. But Mr. O'Casey does not so much say the things he has to say as say that he wants to say them. The stage has need of plays of passion, and poetry, and joy. But I find it hard to be very grateful for a play which does not get much farther than to tell us that we need these things.

I shall have to postpone until next week any further notice of Noel Coward's "Conversation Piece" (Forty-fourth Street Theater), in which some charming pageantry and the presence of Yvonne Printemps redeem what otherwise the author would probably call "a faintly dullish evening."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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